JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

My Opinion of the Budget.

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Late Wallis Mackay.

John Bull's Womenfolk

John Bull in the City.

IV.—The Income Tax.

The One Other.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

Shakespeare.

Beside Donnybrook Fair.

Two Books—Light and Shade.

Dooley on Women Suffrage.

Bull's Eyes.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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MY OPINION OF THE BUDGET.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Opportunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks *wanst* at every man's door." Mr. Asquith evidently thinks that Chancellors of the Exchequer are excepted from this rule; for if ever Opportunity knocked at a man's door, it was hammering away at his on Thursday morning, April the eighteenth, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven. We believe it rang all the bells as well, and even threw stones at the windows. But Mr. Asquith heard not, or, if he did, he simply sent a message by the footman, saying "Call again next year." Or, perhaps he thought it was the suffragettes, and declined to answer the door." What did Opportunity say? It said, "I am the Spirit of Financial Reform. I bring you new revenues. I bring you blessings for the poor." "Go away," said Mr. Asquith, "I cannot see you to-day." That sums up the Budget. A slight amendment of the Income-tax, hemmed in by conditions which will almost nullify its benefits, a slight addition to the death duties almost devoid of appreciable effect, a theoretical reduction of the National Debt for which there is no immediate necessity; and there is the Budget of 1907—a replica, in substance, of that of 1906. Humdrum, timid, conventional—without soul, without vitality, without one grain of originality. Just the same old Budget "properties," just the same old performance! No wonder that the Tariff Reformers smile, and say, "Behold the great Free Trade Chancellor, with heaving bosom, sighing for Social Reform, plaintively confessing that he can find no new source of revenue; clinging to the Sugar Tax and the Tea Tax and the Cocoa Tax and the Raisin Tax—and dependent upon Drink for the defence of the Empire!"

But it is to be different *next* year! In fact, that is the year when the poor will get their pensions—*next* year. That always has been the date, and always will be the date when something great is to be done in the way of social reform—*next* year. Why not *this* year? Mr. Asquith tells us. Under the present law certain sources of income with which he desires to deal are earmarked for the benefit of local authorities, and as we have already entered upon a new financial year, it is too late to alter things this year—so *next* year. You see, it didn't occur to us to insert a clause in this year's Finance Act, providing that these taxes should come into the Imperial Exchequer at once, and that the local authorities should hand over anything they may already have collected, receiving an Imperial grant in return! Nor that we might have put a horse-power tax on motors—a direct imperial tax—without reference to the local authorities. And as to *graduating* the Income-tax, you must remember that we *have* slightly differentiated it, and that is enough for one year. Think of the overworked Government Departments—how could they grapple with differentiation and graduation in one and the same year? Besides, how are you going to ascertain a man's real income? You *can't* ask him to declare it, can you? And if you do, you can't expect him to tell the truth! Notwithstanding forty years of simple Bible teaching as the rule of faith and conduct! And as to incomes derived from foreign investments—millions of which escape taxation altogether—it might violate some copy-book maxim to put a special tax upon them! And, of course, it is right that a citizen with a wife and family, earning, say, two hundred pounds a year, should pay just the same Income-tax as a bachelor earning the same money! And to tax racecourses and racehorses and bookmakers—to say nothing of following the example of all other nations and taxing betting itself—ugh! that would be giving State sanction to gambling! (Who says, what about State sanction of drink?) And a tax of a penny in the pound on every theatre and music-hall ticket of ten shillings and upwards—what's the matter with that? And land values—next year for them, too? And leaving the sixty millions spent on the army and navy on one side, what about the thirty millions for "civil service"? Does any sane person deny that there are a few millions to be saved here? And so on, and so on, and so on.

Of course, the greatest disappointment has been the further postponement of a start with Old Age Pensions. The richest country in the world must still leave its old people to the tender mercies of the workhouse and the relieving officer. That is one way of "maintaining our national credit." Like Mr. Asquith, John Bull is not a Socialist. But he is a rich old chap, with a large heart and a big family, and whilst he insists that during their time of strength all its members shall work hard and behave themselves, he doesn't wish them to be dependent on charity for their livelihood when they are old and feeble. A lot of rubbish is talked and written on this subject of pensions. We already spend twenty-five millions a year on the education of the young, and one-half of this amount would suffice to provide every old man and woman with five shillings each per week. A Pension-tax of a penny in the pound on wages and salaries—which nobody would miss—would produce more than half the sum required. The rest is child's play.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The late Lord Midleton was chiefly celebrated for his shortness of sight, about which there is a favourite story. Once upon a time he was travelling to Guildford when a stranger entered the crowded carriage. Lord Midleton courteously offered to make room by moving his bag, which he thought was on the opposite seat. Unfortunately, he mistook a young lady for the bag. He began to fumble about her limbs, and marvelled that his bag had become so exceedingly heavy. The new Lord Midleton affords a fresh argument for the abolition of the House of Peers.

Now that the House of Commons has got its new rules of procedure and those Standing Committees, which work so well on many local bodies and in foreign legislatures, it is to be hoped that the Government will get to work. As we have on other occasions stated, Ministers were elected to get things done, not to talk about it. As to how they get them done the constituencies do not, and will not, care a straw. The Standing Committees will save many valuable hours a day of Parliamentary time, for they will tend to tie up the wind-bags and expedite the pace at which measures pass through the House. And now we trust Ministers will stand no nonsense. They have the whip, and it is their business to drive. Let us have no more word wars. What is needed in the House is more brilliant flashes of silence on the Government side. Measures would then get to the House of Lords more quickly, and with two or three good Bills rejected by that picturesque but ridiculous institution, and kept off the Statute Book by its opposition, we should get to grips with the Veto once and for all.

Speaking of affairs political, we notice that the suffragettes have scheduled Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's constituency, among others, for a campaign against the sitting member. That "C.-B." is entitled to more considerate treatment is obvious from the fact that he is an outspoken supporter of the vote for women—whether they want it or not. If the suffragettes did but know, or rather if they did but profit by the knowledge, that their greatest opponents are among their own sex, they would go about their campaign in a more reasonable and less aggressive way. Despite the rampage and riot of the ladies of the Women's Political and Social Union, the woman who yearns for the vote with a wildly-beating heart is not easy to meet; as a matter of fact, one has to go forth and search for her.

The latest rumour is that Lulu Harcourt will presently be Premier. In the name of the prophet, why? He is a very friendly, civil young man, without an enemy in the world, but surely that is not enough to justify even his present position. He is not a very effective platform speaker, and his health would not allow him to stump the country and impress his personality on the people. He can amuse the House of Commons by cracking jokes; but, naturally enough, he is not taken very seriously there. Indeed, he is himself so well aware of this that he never addressed Mr. Speaker until he was put into office. Of his capacity as an administrator nobody knows anything, for the Office of Works offers very little scope. We have already had one Premier appointed for his reputed "charm." For Heaven's sake do not let us repeat that ghastly experiment.

Mutatis mutandis. Mr. Haldane, War Minister, and his military staff in consultation with General Botha on the defence of the Empire; and Generals Roberts and Botha seated side by side at a Guildhall banquet! It only wanted General De Wet on the other side of "Bobs" to complete the picture. Then we should have had a reversal of the old situation, "De Wet surrounded." What a pity it is that this ubiquitous Dutchman could not have been brought over. His advice would have been invaluable to the War Office.

Lord Kitchener's decision to accept the extension of his service as Commander-in-Chief in India for a further term of two years appears to have given a great deal of local satisfaction. It is generally understood that he is organising the Indian Army on a new basis, in accordance with altered conditions. To that end he has already done much, and till the work he began is completed by his own masterful, but competent, hands it will be understood that he is not anxious to leave it. Whether or not Kitchener is a master of all the arts of war, it is certain that he is a master in organising the means of war, and this is why we sometimes feel a sort of sneaking sympathy with Lord Rosebery's famous proposal that he should be put at the head of the War Office. It may come to that, or something like that, some day. Meanwhile the blue-eyed, square-jawed man works almost silently at his purpose, without either quackery or flummery. Let us hope that it will be a good, sound, workmanlike job when it is accomplished.

Now that the L.C.C. has resolved to run the river steamboats this summer, might we suggest that the new committee and the management should work them on a more common-sense plan than has hitherto obtained? It never seemed to occur to the newspaper critics and others that, however able the captain might be of a large pleasure steamer like "La Marguerite," that was hardly the training required by the man who had to superintend a fleet of river boats running for business purposes first and pleasure as a secondary consideration. There was too much of the ornamental and too little of the practical in last year's management of the traffic. Those who have had experience of how these things are done on the Tyne, the Clyde, and the Mersey will appreciate the point. Fancy "Geordie," the typical skipper on the Tyne, with craft very similar in size, having a crew on board as well as on the landing-stages, throwing across gangways and mooring at both ends, as if they were lying up for a week!

Contrast this with the system of the Tyne General Ferry Co., whose boats run from Newcastle to Tynemouth, calling at little landings near the great works all the way, slipping alongside and holding or slewing for a minute with one rope, the work done by two of a crew and one man on the landing—and the fuss and manœuvring of their London prototypes, and the difference in not only waste of time but waste of labour and money is only too apparent. Of course, it may be urged that every precaution must be taken for the safety of the passengers, but that can be done, as elsewhere, without expensive crews and pier-masters and other unnecessary officials. It was in our mind to write last season on this important subject, and to ask why preference should have been given to an ornamental figurehead instead of a man who had held a similar position on one of our busy commercial rivers? The far from complimentary remarks of sailormen and Tynesiders and "chaps frae Glesca'" might have opened the eyes of the Londoner long ago to the fact that there was something wanting in the handling of the new service on our great water highway. The new Council would seem to have it in their power to remedy past mistakes and to make the boats pay their way, and at the same time be increasingly useful to the public. Will they endeavour to do so?

We had occasion last week to refer to a firm whose dividend had been a disappearing quantity ever since a new managing director had taken credit to himself for having saved £4,000 a year by cutting down salaries or dispensing with somebody's services. This

spoiling of the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar has been conspicuous in the case of not a few companies which have been placed "under entirely new management," and some of our principal banks, those institutions which for years have been paying big dividends, are now adopting the cheese-paring policy. Not content with abolishing the "walk clerks" holus-bolus, they are starting to balance their books half-yearly instead of quarterly, as heretofore. The inner meaning of this is that while at balancing times the staff had to work late one or two nights, and received from half a sov. to 5s., according to position, half that money is now saved, with the prospect also that under the new system adopted a reduction may be made in some of the staffs. And that in spite of the fact, as we happen to know, that the hours are now longer than they used to be and that the work has been very much increased. To be a bank clerk is not the sinecure it was once thought to be, nor are the conditions of employment half so pleasant.

Just one example. A youth, after a course, or several courses, of study, passes the examinations now required, waits, unless he has influence behind him, for a year or more before he is placed, and with the automatic increases and promotion in vogue, only reaches in ten years the position entitling him to the magnificent income of £170 per annum. And, observe you, if he dares to enter into the holy bonds of wedlock before then, he is instantly dismissed, and that remember whether he has any means of his own or not. It is the rule, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, cannot be altered. Why do the "shrieking sisterhood" not take up such a fine cry as this would be in favour of the liberty of the subject, and the freeing of the bank clerk from such immoral shackles. And, further, be it remembered all through these years of unwed bondage sums are deducted from his salary for pension, guarantee, etc., and he must appear at all times "smart, well-dressed, and clean-shaven." And yet we pretend, as a free and an enlightened people, to pity the poor heathen. The pity of it is that more attention is not given to the protection of the slaves nearer home.

It is not surprising that the shopkeepers of Regent Street are up in arms against the new architectural plans for the "beautification" of that historic thoroughfare. "In Regent Street art and commerce are at loggerheads," says the President of the Society of Architects, "but I believe art will win." It may, but we hope it won't—at all events, not the sort of art which cuts out window space to make room for Mr. Norman Shaw's stone pillars. The tradesmen of Regent Street have their living to get, and the way they get it is by their window shows. Decrease the show space, and you decrease their trade. That, plainly stated, is the long and short of it. Architects live by art; tradesmen live by trade. Mr. Norman Shaw is to-day one of our greatest architects. His Regent Street plans are pretty pictures to look at. But they sacrifice to art what they should give to business. This is the fatal objection to them as they stand at present, and we hope they will be altered in accordance with the unanimous wishes of Regent Street leaseholders and occupiers. These good people have had quite enough to put up with lately.

Our heartfelt sympathies went out to Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the tribulations of his short theatrical season at Berlin. It was hard that the German critics should decline to take his Shakespearian efforts seriously, and still harder that those efforts should have been hampered by the limitations of the German scene shifter and the German stage carpenter. When they were wanted several of them did not turn up; those who did turn up were apparently not worth salt. "The consequence was" that the actors had to do the scene shifting themselves, that the curtain sometimes went up on unrehearsed incidents, such as men in bowler hats and shirt sleeves rushing distractedly from the steps of Cleopatra's palace, and that voices were heard for which the Immortal Bard never wrote a line.

But why, in the name of all that is merciful, will Mr. Tree delude himself into the belief that he can play Shakespeare? That deceased author may be greatly overrated, but at all events he never contemplated a posthumous glory for his creations through the interpretations of Mr. Tree, whom the Lord never created to present such parts as Cæsar and Antony, Hamlet, Othello and Richard to a living world. However, we suppose that when a man runs a show at his own expense he is entitled to run it in his own way; and if the head of the firm of Tree, Shakespeare and Co. thinks that Shakespeare ought to take a back seat while Tree dresses the windows we do not know that it is the affair of anybody except Shakespeare, and he can settle the matter with Mr. Tree later on. All actors and playwrights go to the same place. As Fagin, as Newcombe, as Svengali, as Demetrius, Mr. Tree is probably unrivalled by anybody except his wigmaker. In such characters, indeed, he is a great artist, but his Shakespearean creations are melancholy automata. Did you ever see his Mark Antony? Ye gods! how he murdered that funeral oration! "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true!"

The results of the open-air tests of flying-machine models at the Alexandra Palace does not put us in fear that the millions of pounds we offered in prizes some few months ago will be claimed just yet. Lord Northcliffe is also easy in his mind concerning the £10,000 which he has offered as a prize to the person who flies from London to Manchester within the next five years. The first prize for models was not awarded, and the second and third prize winners are as yet a long way from being considered practical machines. The most the exhibition promises is that some of us will have wings like the dove some remote day, but most of us will have been a long time dead before this happens. Everything comes to him who waits; except the waiter.

Another of the Northcliffe papers has been distinguishing itself. Recently it came out with a tremendous shriek about the impending abdication of the Czar of Russia and the succession of the Grand Duke Michael. Not satisfied with this wild, weird stumer, promptly contradicted by the Russian ambassador in London, it devoted a whole column, "from our own correspondent," to a soulful yarn about the Dowager Empress of Russia having come to England with the object of persuading Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to marry the Grand Duke. Its "own correspondent" might have been invited to the family council from the way in which he went on to explain that the change of religion was in the way, that the Dowager Empress used several novel arguments (fully stating the same), that the Princess Victoria first wept and then yielded, and that the Dowager Empress departed rejoicing. The next day that bubble was pricked also, for the paper had to publish a contradiction of the engagement from Prince Christian, who described the yarns as "absolutely without foundation." And so the catch-ha'penny and catch-penny process goes on. "I don't care how little true a story is," once said an American newspaper man to us, "so long as it is true enough for twenty-four hours." The Northcliffe bosses are content with a six hours' run.

Some of our magistrates seem to need a lesson in the humanities. Take the case at the Thames police court the other day; we quote from a morning paper. "For stealing a loaf of bread, worth 2d., from a baker's shop, John Connell was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment with hard labour at the Thames police court. At first he begged a piece of bread, and when that was refused took the loaf." We do not know what figure, if any,

Connell had previously cut in history, and we do not care. If the facts are as stated the punishment does not fit the crime, to use no harsher phrase. Beggars sometimes ask for bread as a means of cadging money, but they do not steal it unless they are hungry. The stealing of bread is meaningless unless a man wants it to eat. He cannot invest it in the liquor traffic, he cannot pawn it, and unless it is last week's bake he cannot sell it to a jerry-builder as a brick or use it as a weapon to assault the policeman on the beat. Therefore ten days' hard labour for stealing that loaf is on the face of it a sentence indefensible in justice. In this country a man may give his wife a black eye for five shillings and costs, and even if he hits his grandmother with the poker the fine frequently runs only to seven-and-six. Mr. Gladstone may be glad to have his attention called to this case with a view to Connell's immediate release.

The time may come, but we fear not for many a long day yet. Meanwhile, Miss Rosetta Simpson, of Clerkenwell, will have to take the answer of Captain Hamilton to her application for enrolment as a fire-fighter. "In reply to your letter," he says, "it is not at present proposed to enrol ladies in the London Fire Brigade." The spectacle of Miss Simpson, helmeted, belted, and bifurcated, climbing a ladder with a hose-pipe in one hand and a chopper in the other, would be an inspiring subject for a poet or a painter, especially if she fell down in a dead faint and took three policemen and a doctor to administer smelling salts while she recovered, but it would be much too exciting for a crowd. We suggest the lady should try the police force.

A question which cannot be much longer kept out of the sphere of practical politics is that of marriage reform. We observe that Dr. Rentoul has recently been reviving ancient proposals at the Institute of Hygiene; but we scarcely think his suggestions will be found generally acceptable. He recommends that the legal age of marriage should be raised to 25 in man and 21 in woman; further, that diseased persons should not be permitted to marry under any circumstances; that breach of promise actions should be abolished, and that marriage beween paupers and vagrants should be prohibited. It is obvious that such an inversion of the sumptuary laws would lead to evils greater than those at which it is aimed. That the present state of things, however, should continue, is another matter altogether. One of the most glaring iniquities of the law is that which condemns to practical widowhood the wives of persons sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and we have recently tabled a Bill for the purpose of removing this anomaly. We are, of course, quite prepared for ecclesiastical and theological opposition, but we are satisfied that the general sense of the community is behind us.

Apropos, the following is a specimen of several letters we have received relating to another aspect of the matter:—

May I ask if your Bi'l for the divorce of women whose husbands have been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment extends its benefits to that much more numerous class of victims—women who having obtained a judicial separation from their husbands have passed upwards of seven years in such state of separation, and are excluded by the present laws of the realm from the natural estate of domesticity, which should be recognised as the inalienable right of every honest woman—to be a wife and mother?

We always like to give both sides to a question. Canon McMillan has been unburdening himself at Wakefield (whether he is the Vicar of Wakefield we do not know) about Rayner's reprieve. He thinks the decision of the Home Secretary was "an act of imbecile weakness," and by some process of reasoning, which we are utterly unable to follow, he also regards it as "loosening the bonds of social order at the very fountain-head of society." It is strange how the parson is invariably opposed to any mitigation of the rigours of the law. Canon McMillian demands that capital punishment should be done away with, but, in the meantime, he would like to see Rayner hanged. It appears he was in Westbourne Grove "within an hour of the crime," and never before had he seen "any portion of London so moved as upon that day." He also witnessed the funeral of Mr. Whiteley, and "never were there more sincere tributes of grief and loss displayed." He has also "spoken to a good many employés, and all told him that no man ever did more to uplift and help young men and women." And then there was the million which he left to the poor of London! Has Canon McMillan seen the petition for Rayner's reprieve, and checked the number of signatures from the Whiteley employés? It appears, however, that "Mr. Whiteley was *virtually* a native of Wakefield." There is a good deal of ambiguity about the adverb—in more senses than one.

We regret that, owing to a newspaper misprint, we have been led into doing Mr. Ramsay Macdonald an injustice. In a recent "Postcard" to him, we assumed that he had used the phrase "capital had robbed the workers of material, spiritual, and economic strength," whereas the first word quoted should have been "capitalism"—which, of course, is a very different thing, although we should like to have a reliable definition of the term. At any rate, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is one of the most level-headed and best-educated men in the Labour party, and we should be sorry to misrepresent him.

Here is a little parable:—

PACIFIC PHILANTHROPY.

The New Hebrideans gathered round the shipwrecked crew.

Their chief nodded to his *chef* to begin operations.

"Stay," he cried; "measure them all. We must do as we are done by. Don't cook any who are under four feet six in height."

And the cabin-boy, kneeling on the coral-strand, thanked heaven for the Liberal Government.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 253.

For pleading in mitigation of punishment when his son was charged with housebreaking on a Sunday evening, that the youth had the same morning been teaching in a Sunday school,

MR. STEVENS, OF HASTINGS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 254.

For stating that during the deliberations of the jury, the betting on the result of the "Thaw" case was 10 to 7 against the disagreement of the jury—2 to 1 on the acquittal of Thaw, and 4 to 1 on his conviction,

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 255.

For stating that "owing to lack of space a number of births and deaths are postponed,"

THE LEOPARD (A JOURNAL PUBLISHED AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 256.

For stating at a meeting of Teetotal delegates, that he would not make a long speech, since "good wine needed no bush,"

THE MAYOR OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 257.

For stating that Mrs. Smith, of New York, "as the result of her great bereavement, becomes the richest widow in the world,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE LATE MR. WALLIS MACKAY.

It was with deep regret that we read of the suicide of Mr. Wallis Mackay, who, it will be remembered, acted as our cartoonist during the first month of the existence of this journal.

We desire, however, to repudiate the extraordinary allegation contained in a letter written by the unfortunate man prior to his suicide, in which he alleges that non-payment by us of sums due to him was one of the causes of his rash act. As a matter of fact, no work of Mr. Mackay's has appeared in JOHN BULL since June last, and we hold his receipts for everything done by him to that date—together with the original cheques by which he was paid.

A few months ago Mr. Mackay sent us a further cartoon, which, however, we have not seen our way to publish, Mr. Mackay's work having—owing, doubtless, to ill-health and other physical causes—unfortunately shown considerable deterioration of late.

Immediately upon hearing of Mr. Mackay's suicide, Mr. Bottomley volunteered to contribute towards his funeral expenses.

We regret it should be necessary to make this explanation.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Handkerchief.

Of what use is the modern woman's handkerchief? It is so small, so thin, in short, so gossamery a thing that our womenfolk must indeed consider themselves fortunate they live not in the early Victorian age of fainting fits and tears. Of course, one knows that the promise of a cold is broken by swallowing camphor and other pills, and that the time has gone by of tears and wet noses. Only the children retain the old-world handkerchief; there are a hundred uses for it in the children's hands. Does it not make a very admirable receptacle in which to take home frogs from the river, water beetles, bumble bees from the little store shops of the lilies, and broken-winged butterflies? It will also form a bag to carry blackberries, nuts in autumn; crab apples, wild cherries in summer; thrushes' eggs, or their wide-mouthed feathery ones in spring. It is an excellent covering for wind-blown, tangled hair from the rain shower, or the hot, inquiring fingers of the sun. It may be fashioned into a flower-holder for primroses, and is a carrier of many a little island of them from warm woods. The children's handerchief is much in use at the seaside. Here will it carry home uninhabited sea shells, lost shrimps, jelly fish, anemones from the rocks, new-born crabs from little pools. Also will sea sand be shovelled into it, to make unreliable houses, unpalatable mince pies. As a mouth organ or a doll, the children's handkerchief has its uses, and is it not very well suited to clean the mud from wayward feet, jam from thieving fingers, the blood from baby wounds; indeed, for anything, everything except—wet noses?

The New Money-Bag.

Our grandmothers carried their money in tiny black satin bags which were fastened by a cord either to the waist or wrist. Their granddaughters, let me tell you, are to conceal theirs in the same shaped receptacle, only of a different make. The bag should now be composed of taffetas, the very shade of the wearer's frock. Over the silk should be laid a bit of hand-woven lace, mellow with the years or the dye.

The Rise in Pins.

White pins are dearer because steel is going up in price. Pins that used to cost no more than 1s. 4d. a pound are now 2s. 6d. Some hair-pins, hat-pins, safety-pins, are already more expensive. If this goes on, pins must become quite valuable. Our granddaughters, possibly, may wear priceless tiaras of hat-pins, necklaces of safety-pins, bracelets of the little ordinary pin we women love; no need for these to hide their heads, as to-day beneath our over-frocks.

The Fashion Dog.

I hear from the kennel world that toy dogs which are the colour of certain fashionable frocks are much sought after. There is the orange, blue, black pomeranian, also the white; but what of the striped dresses our women-folk are to wear? Shall we, presently, see zebras in miniature following at the hour-glass heels of my lady of the park?

The New-Laid Egg.

Not infrequently, and more especially at this time of the year, a horse's hair may be discovered in your breakfast egg. Mr. Frank Richardson would probably tell you that such a one had been endowed with whiskers, but the truth is, many poultry-keepers prick a certain part of their eggs with a horse hair, that their produce may prove unfertile. Occasionally the hair gets lost in the egg, hence—Mr. Richardson's well-worn whiskers.

Another Occupation for Women.

When the cultivation of violets is carried out on sound business lines these flowers are, undoubtedly, one of England's best-paying crops, and now is just about the time for propagation, both for hardy and frame-grown varieties. To obtain large flowers in winter and early spring, the violets must be frame-grown, and the plants taken from runners which, not infrequently, may be obtained with roots attached, unless, of course, the plants have been used for the same purpose before, when they will be quite rootless. Loam, sand and leaf-mould should be mixed in equal parts and put into pots. Four—sometimes five—runners, according to the variety, may be placed in each pot and the soil pressed down with gentle fingers. The pots then should stand in a frame and be watered; when the leaves are dry the frame should be closed and shaded with old bits of carpet—anything—for a week. After the seventh day the frame should be ventilated and the shading removed in the morning, to be replaced when the sun grows warm. The plants should be sprayed night and morning, and if syringed once a week with a mixture of sulphur and water the destructive red spider and other evil-meaning insects will be kept at bay. The ground for outside violets should open out to the south-east. The soil should be well dug, well manured in the autumn time, and left quite rough through the winter. Lime should be in the soil; if not, sprinkle some upon it in March. The distance apart to plant should be, of course, according to the variety. The double violet, say, the Marie Louise, will need to be put in twelve inches apart by eleven and a half. La France should be seventeen inches by eleven, and the Czar, the Wellisiana, may be planted twelve inches by eight. Violets are planted no deeper than three inches. If the weather be rainless the plants must be watered, after which a sprinkling of manure should be given to prevent evaporation.

Small Waists.

It is now the fashion to pull in the waist and squeeze the body into nineteen or twenty inch stays. The English woman encases herself in a kind of armour, while French women, who assuredly show the prettiest figures in the world, wear those short corsets that are but ribbons deftly strung together and lightly boned.

Tight lacing causes certain internal organs to be diseased, and I know of a woman who, in her youth, pulled in her waist to such an extent that to-day she lies upon her sofa paralysed.

A Princess and Her Cats.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is one of the cleverest of the King's nieces, and her interests are widespread. She is an accomplished musician and delights in golf, putting in a great deal of practice on the pretty links in front of Cumberland Lodge. The Princess has lately been elected captain of the Sunningdale Ladies' Golf Club, in the place of Lady Alice Stanley, who resigned. Princess Victoria's cattery is a source of great interest to her. She has a collection of beautiful Persian cats, and, needless to say, they are provided with every possible comfort. The heating arrangements are carefully looked to by the Princess herself, hot water bottles are provided, and although cats can jump, yet ladders lead up to the top floor of the cattery, so that the Persians can get up and down quite easily.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and after Dinner.

IN THE CITY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

We have reason to believe that Mr. Botha intends whilst in England to represent to the Colonial Office the state of affairs in Rhodesia, and to urge it to take over the government of that country. This is not a matter which will come within the range of the Conference, Mr. Botha's representations being altogether apart from the deliberations of that body. From time to time, and for many years past, we have heard periodical rumours of the sale of the Chartered Company's interest to the Government, and the wish is father to the thought. But hitherto Governments have looked askance at proposals so obviously in the interests of the company, and under any conceivable arrangement involving heavy additional responsibilities on the part of this country. But the position, as Mr. Botha will point out, is rapidly becoming unbearable. Rhodesia will grow almost anything, fruit, corn, cotton. Whilst most of Cape Colony is poor veld, Rhodesia is an ideal place for the farmer, and large numbers of Cape farmers, and, to a smaller degree, of the Free State and Transvaal Dutch, are anxious to go there, but are restrained by the crippling conditions under which they would have to live and work. For all practical purposes Rhodesia is the property of the Chartered Company, and they are exacting landlords. Unlike the North Borneo Chartered Company, they do not ask themselves what it is fair to demand, but only what it is possible to get. When the demands of the Chartered Company have been fulfilled there is little left for the owner of the land. If he finds diamonds upon his property he has to give them up to the Chartered Company. If he finds gold the royalty exacted by the company is crushing. As for the natives, the company, if it had been allowed to exact a £2 hut tax, as it wished to do, would have brought about revolt, which would probably have led—as the company desired it to lead—to the Home Government taking the administration out of the company's hands. Mr. Botha is anxious to put an end to this state of things, and to induce the Government to make the Colony, with the hearty assent of its people, a Crown Colony, preparatory to giving it that responsible Government which comes to all communities of white men under the British crown. How it is to be done upon terms acceptable to the Chartered Company, and not to be rejected by the British public, remains to be seen. It is not suggested that Mr. Botha has any specific scheme of his own, or that the Government have worked it out, and are prepared to submit one to Parliament. All we say is that Mr. Botha is making representations to the Government, and that he and all his friends in South Africa hope, as friends of Rhodesia everywhere must hope, that it will be possible to find a solution which will rid Rhodesia of the Chartered Company.

THE ZINC CORPORATION.

OFFICIAL ADMISSIONS—CONTINUED CONFIDENCE.

The Zinc Corporation directors have responded to public demand, and have issued a circular explanatory of the present position. This does not appear to be as desperate as rumour had suggested, but the directorial effort has not encouraged the market, so many admissions being made of past official expectations which have been falsified that present anticipations do not demand confidence. The Potter process has failed, and after the expenditure of thousands of pounds in cost of machinery, and in expert advice, the Corporation remains where it did a year ago—it is still experimenting with the Cattermole process. This may prove as successful as the London directors now anticipate, but shareholders will demand that the responsibility for the money wasted in the interval shall be properly fixed upon the right shoulders.

More capital is needed—a £50,000 loan has been privately secured, and a further large sum will be needed in three months. Yet when the shares were falling from 50s. toward their present level, on March 8, the *Financial Times*, which is popularly credited with possessing the confidence of Bewick Moreings, upon "inquiry at the London office," was assured that the new capital rumour had "absolutely no foundation, and that the funds in hand are sufficient for present requirements." A few days previously—on February 27—the same journal, on the same authority, was authorised to describe the market rumours of the Corporation requiring more money and of the failure of the Potter process as "both equally absurd." The Corporation, it was asserted, had "ample funds in hand." We are afraid that when all is said of market movements and official news of the last few weeks, the record of the Zinc Corporation does not redound to the credit of anyone concerned.

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THE INCOME-TAX PAYER'S "RELIEF."

Income-tax payers who are disposed to be grateful to Mr. Asquith for relieving them of the payment of 3d. in the £ will do well to look narrowly into the means by which this so-called relief is to be effected, for Mr. Asquith's record in relation to the Income-tax payer is a bad one. It is that of the money-lender rather than the statesman. Questioned in Parliament as to the differential treatment of Scotland in the collection of the Income-tax, he said that instead of altering the Scotch practice, he intended to assimilate the English practice to it. Now, what is the Scotch practice? It is to compel payment by the close of the year. This is a distinct contravention of the intention of Parliament. The tax used to be collected after the expiry of the period to which it referred to, as in equity it ought to be. Mr. Lowe wanted to make up a deficiency, and by a trick more worthy of an attorney than a statesman, decided to collect it earlier, and so got in enough additional money to balance his budget. In the future he made the tax payable, "on or before January 1st," promising parliamentary critics who objected that although it was necessary to put the date in the Act, the tax would be collected in the last quarter of the financial year, beginning with January 1st. And to emphasise this, any person paying before January 1st is entitled to claim rebate at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. In England this promise has been respected; in Scotland it has been violated, and it is this inexcusable violation that Mr. Asquith intends to introduce into England.

Gifts to the income-tax payer from one who proposes to treat them in this fashion need to be narrowly scanned. To relieve the man of moderate means of 3d. in the £ on earned income seems at first sight a step in the right direction, but the fact that a reduction of 1d. in the £ would mean a loss to the Treasury of £2,600,000 a year, whilst the so-called relief of 3d. is estimated to cost the Treasury after this year only £1,250,000, is pretty clear proof that the relief is largely illusory. And it is illusory because the three years' average is to be abolished. Now this three years' average is essentially just and necessary. The classes that differentiation is intended to relieve are peculiarly subject to precarious and varying income, and at present that is recognised by the three years' average. But under the new system it is not to be taken into account. The one fat year is to be taxed to the hilt, the two lean ones are not to be reckoned with. And then there is to be a vigorous inquisition into means, which may well be intended to facilitate some further exaction, not to speak of what is certain to be its offensive character. It looks very much as if Mr. Asquith's relief is no relief, as if the income-tax payer would actually be better off under the old system with its method of collection, than under the new with collection made before the money is due.

J. MACDONALD AND CO.

In our last issue we made further mention of J. McDonald and Co., a bogus firm run by that veteran rogue, Joseph Goodman. We have since received a communication from certain manufacturers, who write as follows:—

"They (that is, Joseph Goodman, alias McDonald and Co.), through a commission agent whom we know well, and we are sure was in ignorance of the true state of affairs, gave an order for a stock lot of goods, value about £120, which offer we accepted, and, as is customary with a new account, asked for references.

"They gave us the name of a firm in the City, to whom we wrote, and who seemed so very anxious to give J. McD. and Co. a good name that they took the trouble to wire to us.

"We had the confirmation of this wire next morning on their letter paper, stating that they were accountants and auditors, but our own auditors, who made full inquiries, failed to find any accountants or auditors, either chartered or incorporated, corresponding with the style of this firm."

The telegram is dated March 20th, 1907, and runs:—

"Highly respectable and substantial.—Moore."

The letter confirming the telegram is as follows:—

"142-143, Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, E.C.,
"London, March 20, 1907.

"Messrs. ——,
"Private and Confidential.

"Gentlemen,

"In reply to your inquiry of the 19th inst., we now confirm the telegram sent by us—namely: 'Highly respectable and substantial.' They have always been punctual in their obligations to us, and we can speak highly of them.

"Yours truly,
"CALDWELL, MOORE AND CO."

Caldwell Moore and Co. is one William Roger Caldwell

Moore, the "Co." being mythical. Moore *was* a chartered accountant, and at one time a member of the Institute of Actuaries. He was "excluded" from the Institute in December, 1906, upon the ground that he had been mixed up in some very shady bill-discounting business.

EX-GOVERNORS AND MINING COMPANIES.

Two or three weeks ago a circular letter was issued by Lord Elgin to members of the Colonial Civil Service, in which was pointed out the undesirability of high officials, more especially persons who have been at the head of the administration of Crown Colonies, accepting seats upon the Boards of new and speculative Joint Stock Companies. A strong Minister would have prohibited the acceptance of these positions by ex-Governors; not being a strong Minister, Lord Elgin only suggests that they ought not to accept them. It may be said that he has no power to prohibit, but he has the power to stop pensions, and to put other pressure upon these officials, which would be quite sufficient to prevent what is really no less than a scandal, and a practice that unfortunately is becoming increasingly common. The need for some such drastic action is exemplified by the issue of the Voglesfontein Diamond Mine, Ltd. This is a company with a capital of £300,000, all of which sooner or later it hopes to transfer to the public. The Chairman of the Board is Mr. Arthur Frederick Cox, C.S.I. He is described upon the prospectus as "late Comptroller and Auditor General to the Government of India." He is followed by General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., and this warrior is described as "late Governor of the Bermudas, and Commander of the Forces in China and Hong Kong." Then comes a third official, Mr. Knightley Grey Burne, described as "of the Burma Commission (retired)." These three gentlemen are men who have held high and responsible official positions, and yet they associate themselves with a company of the most doubtful character. Following the third of the gentlemen we have named comes Mr. E. Kenyon-Collis, of Xema Expedition fame, and we submit that having regard to the circumstances surrounding that expedition it was the duty of men like the late Comptroller and Auditor-General to the Government of India to examine very closely the genesis and the prospects of the Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Ltd., before consenting to lend their names to the venture. We will not do them the injustice of supposing that they made any such examination, because if they did, and if they went upon the Board knowing what they might have known upon adequate inquiry, we say without hesitation that they are unfit to occupy high official appointments.

We have received a copy of the Universal Investment Tables (Hayman, Christy and Lilly, Ltd.). The book contains a mass of information upon stocks and shares, conveniently arranged; it can be bought for the small sum of 2s. 6d., and for the great majority of persons interested in City matters it is just as useful as the unwieldy Burdett, or costly Skinner.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. Itdoes not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum.

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—STAR (Dalston).—We note that you have a Provident Association Bond for £300 and have paid in £27 6s. You want an offer for it, as you find it difficult to keep up payments. We shall be happy to put any of our readers into communication with our correspondent.

BEST LIFE OFFICE.—D. M. (Worthing).—We are making inquiries as to the best office for your special purpose, and will answer you fully next week.

THEATRE SHARES.—J. B. M. (Leicester).—We should sell them, even if you can get no more than 5s. each for them.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—W. B. (Crofton Park).—We should prefer the Commercial Union Assurance Company, the other company you name not being suitable for this particular class of insurance.

THE PERSEVERANCE HOMES INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. W. B. (Turnstall).—We do not know what more you can do. The liquidator's letter makes it clear that it will be a long time before matters are settled. Without expressing an opinion upon this particular winding-up, we may say that the delays shown by liquidators in settling up estates are often little less than scandalous.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND ANOTHER.—AN ADMIRER (Thornton Heath).—Both societies are of good standing and reputation.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—H. A. (Harlesden).—We have your letter and will communicate further with you shortly.

MIDDLESBROUGH STEAM AND COKE COMPANY.—WESTWARD HO (Cardiff).—There are few dealings in the shares. We will try and get you a price.

THE PREMIER CATERING SYNDICATE.—W. C. (Sheffield).—Our information is similar to yours.

A CURIOUS PROSPECTUS.—H. A. (Shipley).—We are obliged for the prospectus, and agree with you as to its character.

LINOTYPE PREFS.—E. S. (Redditch).—We should not advise your increasing your holding. We do not quite understand the other paragraph of your letter. Is it that you want us to name some share giving good security with exceptional yield?

INVESTMENT OF £20.—S. W. P. (West Kensington).—Keep your £20 in the Savings Bank, and do not forward it to people who are utter strangers to you.

BOND COMPANIES.—J. R. S. (Sunderland).—We will bear your suggestion in mind.

HENDERSON AND CO.—T. R. B. (Glasgow).—We have posted you the papers and regret the delay.

PROVISIONAL PROTECTION (Eureka).—In the first instance your best course is to endeavour to form a syndicate to exploit the patent and prove its commercial value. Whether or not you are able to do so, of course, depends entirely upon your ability to convince people with expert knowledge and others of the value of the invention.

MCDONALD AND CO.—HARRY (Mile End).—We are obliged to you for your information respecting the man Goodman. You will notice that we have a reference to him in last week's issue which practically covers the statements of your letter. We thank you for the information supplied in the concluding paragraph of your communication.

CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY.—BEEHIVE (Sheffield).—Yes, we think so.

OTTOS KOPJE DIAMOND SYNDICATE.—O. K. (Birmingham).—None whatever.

POSITION OF SHARES.—J. G. (Southampton).—We are always glad to give advice to any of our readers who may seek it. We should take the profit upon the shares you mention, as although the company is doing well, it is one of those peculiarly liable to suffer from the variations of public taste.

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.—S. S. J. (West Hampstead).—No.

LOANS TO CORPORATIONS.—CORPORATION (London).—Safe, yes.

FREEBORNE, FRANKLIN AND CO.—N. T. (Knightsbridge).—Much obliged for the offer, but we get too much of similar trash to want this particular selection.

THE OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—S. H. (Blackheath).—The Trust has actually been wound up by order of the Court. Your comments are noted.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO.—A. H. (Birmingham).—Nothing very encouraging.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—"CAUTIOUS" (Sydenham).—In acting upon their advice you must always remember that it is necessarily of an interested character—they being principals in all transactions.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—ANXIOUS (Sumner Lane).—We should prefer another selection. NEW READER (Willesden Green).—(1) The concern you name is not very old, and we should advise you to go to one better established. (2) Of the three we prefer the British Homes Assurance Company. (3) We have not heard of the Mutual Rubber Plantation Company, of Boston, Mass. Send us along the book. Meantime do not buy any shares.

SOUND BUILDING SOCIETY.—CONSTANT READER (Bristol).—You cannot do better than go to the Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, E.C. It would treat you well. Speaking roughly they would advance you 75 per cent. of the purchase money upon approved property, or if the purchase is an exceptionally good one, we have no doubt they would go as far as 88 per cent.

OUTSIDE BROKERS (G. W. T., Swansea).—The firm has been established in the City for some time, and we believe fulfils all legitimate claims. H. G. (Wigan).—We do not recommend either of the firms you mention. NEW READER (Norwich).—We do not recommend the firm.

LOST BEARER WARRANT.—MUG (New Cross).—We are afraid you cannot compel the company to issue new warrants.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—E. F. (West Brompton).—It is a sound society.

THE COLLIS SYNDICATE.—W. H. M. (St. James's Street).—We are obliged by the prospectus. We have already dealt with the matter.

SLATER'S ORDINARY.—CONSTANT READER (Liverpool).—It is doubtful, but we are inclined to think there will be recovery.

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—A NEW READER (Liverpool).—Certainly not.

MANITOBA AND WESTERN CANADA LAND COMPANY.—H. F.—You may do so safely. J. B. W. (West Dulwich).—You may safely deal with them. We regret the delay.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—SHARES (Dublin).—Your better way is to pay in full at once and get the bonds at once. We do not think you need fear their sending you spurious bonds. As to the other point, have you no one here who can tender the cash upon delivery of the bonds?

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—H. A. (Harlesden).—Your previous letter was sufficient. We are getting the particulars you want. The money named should purchase an annuity of about £25.

UNITED CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY (Braintree).—We have no doubt you "can invest any amount from £1 upward." We cannot advise you to utilise the opportunity.

UNITED UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAYS OF LONDON, LTD.—C. C. (Strand).—Your friend should sell if he has the opportunity.

FURNESS, WITHY AND CO.—B. B. (Salisbury).—(1) The company has been a steady and large dividend payer, but the immediate outlook for shipping companies is not bright. (2) We should hold the Chatham stock for a rise, but sell upon any appreciable rise.

AMALGAMATED PRESS ORDINARY.—ZERO (Shepherd's Bush).—(1) There is no cause for uneasiness. The quotation varies somewhat, but you will see it up again before long. (2) We should hold the Cartagena Railway Debentures for the present, but get out so soon as you can do so without loss.

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THE INCOME-TAX:

IV.—The Grand Inquisitors of Income-tax and How to Deal with Them.

By T. Hallett Fry, Barrister-at-Law.

Another matter which nearly concerns the public. Often the payer of bank interest does not actually himself part with the cash, but gets his broker to obtain the necessary advances from his (the broker's) bank. Consequently, the person who is known to the banker is not the actual principal, but the broker. Now in such cases the person who eventually pays the interest is, of course, the principal, and not the broker, for it is only an indirect method of obtaining the principal's end, and is generally adopted because the broker has greater facilities for obtaining the required funds. In all cases similar to this the Inland Revenue department flatly refuses to consider claims made by the actual principal and payer of the interest, and so in the instance given above, where a person's whole income was £500, and that whole income was paid away (through the medium of a broker) to a banker, although the individual's income would thus be nil, he would be still paying income-tax on £500, and any claim preferred by him would be ignored by the Inland Revenue Department, notwithstanding the fact that they have got tax on the whole amount of the interest from the bankers in addition.

"160 ABATED."

This sub-heading may lead to confusion in the minds of readers, so it is necessary to explain at once that it does not refer to the ordinary abatement of £160, which is allowed to all persons in receipt of less than £400 per annum, but rather to a misleading way in which taxpayers are assessed in ignorance of the fact that certain amounts of tax paid by them are thus rendered irrecoverable. How this "160 abated" may act is as follows: Persons having perhaps the smallest of retail businesses, and in addition a few pounds coming to them from other sources, such as shares or a house, are assessed upon the business in the sum of £160, and therefrom is allowed the full abatement of £160, and they are consequently required to pay nothing for income-tax. Now this seems all right, and the taxpayer assumes that he has nothing to pay, but when he finds income-tax has been paid on the house rent or deducted from the interest or dividends received by him (or his wife), and accordingly attempts to recover such amount of income-tax, only to find that the full abatement to which he was legally entitled has already been allowed him by fixing his assessment at such a figure as to preclude him from making any further claim, his mistake is manifest. Now this system is supposed to be very prevalent, and indeed many cases suggest that it is so. For instance, the writer has actually come across an instance where a man was assessed at £172, and therefrom was allowed the statutory abatement of £160 and his life insurance premium of £12, making in all a total amount of £172. This man *imagined he was not assessed* upon his business, as he was not called upon to pay anything, and, as a matter of fact, was making no profit, but the astute Surveyor of Taxes regulated his assessment to a penny, so that the trader might be unable to recover tax paid upon his investments. This ruse succeeded admirably, owing to the fact that the tradesman was very ignorant of the principles of accountancy, and could not present the position of his business so satisfactorily before the commissioners as to justify them in ignoring the surveyor's assessment.

Now, if this plan be adopted in many districts, and applied to the cases of very small tradesmen, who, owing to their very limited knowledge of book-keeping, are unable to protect themselves, it is most reprehensible, and it is frequently stated that it is so employed in cases where profit is small or non-existent, and the taxpayer, satisfied at the time, later finds that he has thus been debarred from recovering tax paid by deduction, frequently to the amount of £25 or £30 upon his or his wife's other sources of income.

CASUAL AND PAPER PROFITS.

It is not generally known that casual profits are not taxable to income-tax, and that if some person is fortunate enough to engage in a satisfactory speculation, and make a substantial profit, that the amount thereof should not be burdened with the imposition of income-tax. We will suppose that one thousand shares are bought at a price of £1 per share, and that after a short lapse of time the same shares are sold at 25s. per share. Now the resultant difference of £250 is not chargeable as being profit, and if a surveyor of taxes should claim tax thereupon he should be resisted. "If the boot be put upon the other leg," it will be seen that this view is correct, for if a trader attempted to set off in his accounts a loss made upon changes of investment, such loss would be promptly cancelled by the revenue official. Then if such loss be not allowable as a set-off against profit, similarly so-called profits when made by a chance investment or a speculation should not be taxed. It is well that this point should be regarded, as it often happens that profits of this nature do accidentally come into charge, *owing to the misleading form* on which returns are made.

Again, paper profits are not chargeable as such, although determined attempts are often made to get tax upon a nominal increase in a person's capital, and the writer has known cases where for a long period of time the Revenue has endeavoured to get tax upon such paper profits, but has wisely refrained from bringing the matter to a head, by putting a case down for the consideration of the Commissioners of Income-tax. On the contrary, they have persisted in their endeavours to get the tax in all directions, without having recourse to the courts, and, as a result of this astute action, tax has been collected in innumerable directions, whilst, in but few cases, resistance on the part of the taxpayer has been crowned with success. All the time the question is in abeyance tax is being collected, whilst a few shrewd or well-advised people, who have succeeded, have eventually escaped the impost. The recent case in point was that of a South African company, which was absorbed by another and more important company, the latter giving to the shareholders of the former, in exchange for one share of the old company, two and a half of its own shares. The Surveyor of Taxes got hold of these companies, and endeavoured to claim tax upon the whole amount of what should be designated capital accretion. Such a charge was obviously an illegal one, for the difference in nominal amount was a difference between capital values, but in no sense was its income taxable, in accordance with the Income-tax Acts. However, no case was brought up for hearing for a very long period, *and meantime the revenue reaped the benefits of its insistence*, eventually losing the case.

(Concluded.)

Dear Madam (or Sir),

May I send you some specimen copies of John Bull *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,

The Publisher.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

THE ONE OTHER.

By Sydney E. Engleman.

I do not pretend that this is a moral tale. On the other hand, those who, judging by its title, fancy that they are about to be regaled with a spicy column or so of immorality are likely to be sorely disappointed. I do not wish to moralise about morals. Broadly speaking, morals are what other people don't possess, but this has nothing really to do with the story I wish to tell you.

It is the usual affair of plighted vows and blighted lives. In a story of this sort it always is. It concerns the same old trio of a man, a woman, and One Other. The One Other was a scoundrel. He is my hero, but I do not intend to mitigate his villainy on that count. (A scoundrel is a person who does something that we should very much like to do, but daren't. I like to throw off remarks like this every now and then.)

The man must have been named Jack. I cannot tell if it really was so, but these sort of men are usually named Jack, and if this particular one wasn't he ought to have been. He was quite silly enough at all events. Her name was Nita, and they had been married some two years.

It was hereabouts that there appeared on the scene the One Other, the scoundrel, my hero. Things moved.

He had a way with him. There was something about him which endeared him to the heart of all women. What it was I am not prepared to say. Perhaps his somewhat boyish face, or his merry laugh, or perhaps the very indifference with which he treated them all. Who knows? (I might have put that in French, "Qui sait?" thus, but I do not wish to air my cleverness at the expense of the realistic details I have to disclose.) Certainly *I* don't.

Whatever therefore it was that in him lured poor, weak woman to love him must remain a mystery. Suffice it that they did so. Love is that way; even a journalist can't explain love.

And Nita loved the scoundrel best of all.

But two short years back she had sworn at the altar always to love and cherish Jack, and yet now she lavished all her attentions, all her affection, all her love, upon this One Other.

The sad part of it was the deception she practised in connection with the affair. It was not that she disguised her love for the scoundrel, but she still pretended to be as affectionate as of yore towards Jack. Her duplicity was amazing. Her wickedness was such that it would not have been punished sufficiently even had she had her portrait published in the Sunday papers—the usual penalty for her class of wickedness.

And Jack, poor wight, lived in blissful ignorance. He thought all her thoughts were of him. Little he knew the dangers that beset him—the insidious designs which were undermining his supremacy. (Of course, as his name was Jack, you couldn't have expected anything else.)

Thus things went on. The scoundrel, it is true, made no particular advances to Nita. That, perhaps, was one of his wiles. He never apparently made advances to any woman—and yet we know how they regarded him. One and all they worshipped him.

Jack treated the scoundrel with an amused sort of tolerance. Indeed, I have little doubt that, questioned on the subject, he would have confessed that on the whole "he wasn't half a bad chap." To have suggested to him that the scoundrel might be a very serious factor in his own life-story would have given Jack the most intense amusement.

Perhaps the ugliest part of the affair lay in the fact that the One Other was an inmate of Jack's house. Whilst that blind, luckless fool would leave each morning for a day in the City this disreputable hero of mine, who did no work but loafed about all day, would stay at home and draw poor weak Nita more and more into his toils. He ate the bread of idleness, he accepted the hospitality of a man, and at the same time made that man's wife to love him. Whatever made me choose such a person for my hero?

The climax came in the summer.

It was the time of the annual holidays. Jack found that he could not manage to get away, but he determined that his erring wife (mind you, he still believed she loved him) should have a change just the same. He arranged that she should go to the seaside for a few weeks, whilst he should come down to her as and when he could. In itself there was no harm in this plan, but (I must tread softly here) *she determined that the One Other should come with her!* What cared she for the copy she would provide for the Sunday papers? Nothing!

But this state of things was intolerable. It was impossible that Jack should know nothing of it . . . . and about then he learnt all.

He said . . . .

I don't think, really, that he said anything.

It would have been so absurd for him to object to her taking away with her their baby boy, even if he is One Other and a Scoundrel to boot.

What? Well, I warned you it wasn't immoral, didn't I?

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

THE REQUEST.

Find me a rose red-lippéd as my love,
And lay the petals on my lips and eyes,
So it may seem her crimson babies move
In those sweet kisses which her heart denies.

Vera Canute.

A STRAIGHT TALK
BY
A. W. GAMAGE

Managing Director of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., on the Bicycle War which is now raging.

WHAT BROUGHT ON THE WAR.

Every year I have in some way or another caused a sensation in the cycling world. I started doing so in the old "bone-shaker" days. Then, when pneumatic tyres came in and cycles sold at almost any price makers chose to put upon them, I sold guaranteed cycles at eight guineas where others asked twelve; and now, when the so-called standard cycles range from five pounds to seven and ten guineas, and even up to fifteen pounds, I started this season by establishing a World's Record in offering a fully-guaranteed All British Standard-size Coventry-made Cycle, in three models, three sizes, for Ladies or Gentlemen, at one price, £3 19s. 9d.

HOW IT WAS DONE!

It wasn't the move of a moment. I had been working for two years bringing to bear all the huge resources of a great factory; using the latest machinery, all the skill of the best British workmen, with all the aid which modern labour and time-saving devices give to raise quality and increase the output; and in placing a huge order well in advance in 1906, I obtained a Coventry-made Cycle for 1907 which set a new standard and caused an uproar in the cycle trade.

THE CYCLE TRADE PAPER'S OPINION!

There are a few Trade Journals which circulate only among cycle dealers. The *Cycle and Motor Trades' Review* is one of the leading ones. In an editorial on the alleged injury done to the trade by my firm in selling such a good cycle at such a low price, this journal said (March 7, 1907):—"We have not the least doubt it is very excellent value indeed for the money, and we do not see anything can be done by the Trade to stop Gamage selling it at the price. Gamage's is a firm with a high-class reputation for the goods they sell, and an equally big reputation as cutters of prices. It is not possible for the agents to compete with Gamage at this price."

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RESULT?

No sooner did I advertise in very plain language, and with an unqualified guarantee, my cycle at £3 19s. 9d., than dozens of firms came out with cycles at £3 19s. 6d. and £3 19s. Note, it was all done by them in a few days. Why? Not because they had such a machine ready, but to get a price like Gamage. My offer at £3 19s. 9d. was the result of two years' continuous effort by one of Coventry's greatest factories. The imitators of Gamage do not offer *the machine*, but *imitate the price*.

A CAUTION.

A Firm which obtains your money under false pretences is a menace to the entire community!

Don't buy a cycle on the talk in the advertisement; get the specification and study it minutely. Know not only whom you are buying from, but know just what you are really offered and have a real, tangible chance of getting for your money.

I say again, *get the specification* of others offered you—get mine.

I repeat, *study their specification*—study mine.

I say it in *your interests and mine*.

If you ask in my shop or through the post for a £3 19 9 cycle you shall have it. We shall not take your money and hold it for weeks, *as others do*, trying to sell you a higher-priced machine instead. I am particularly desirous you should have a Gamage £3 19 9 cycle, *as advertised*. You'll know then why Gamages grows so, and you'll fully realise why Gamages offer has troubled the trade.

Now I have spoken plainly, come in and see the cycle; but if you cannot, then write us for our Art Booklet, containing photographic illustrations, and hints and tips on the use and care of a cycle.

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OUR CHALLENGE TO "MAJOR" TROUNCE.

Referring to our issue of March 9th, in which we published a series of allegations going to prove that it is the practice of the Salvation Army Headquarters to encourage the transfer of Assurance Society business, and inviting "Major" Trounce to justify his specific statement as given in his letter published in our issue of March 2nd, that no such transfer was encouraged, and also referring to our issue of April 6th, in which we reminded "Major" Trounce that he had not accepted our challenge, we now publish the following letter from an agent of the Prudential Company:—

"I fully endorse Captain Bell's letter which you publish this week, and again assert that the S.A.A. does encourage the transferring of business. When I was an agent for them, two years ago, my superintendent told me that the chief of the staff (Mr. Bramwell Booth) had made an arrangement with the London and Manchester Industrial Assurance Company not to transfer their business, but we were always urged to transfer as much as we could from the others—more especially the Prudential, of which I am now an agent, and give the Immediate Full Benefit if they had been assured twelve months or more, but if they had only been in six months, well, the Army only gave six months' benefit. Since you published my last letter (March 9) I have had twice the defend and save two families insured with me being transferred to the Army Assurance under the plea that they would give full benefit, and also that the profits go towards helping the poor and rescue work of the Army. This is in spite of the fact that I am a Salvationist and also a local officer of the same corps as the Army agent who tried to take the same.

"One of their great canvassing levers is if they come across anyone insured in the Prudential they tell them that two-thirds of the shareholders are brewers, and that by paying their premiums to them they are helping to keep the drink traffic going and to damn their fellow men; whereas, on the other hand, by paying to the Army the poor drunken men may be reclaimed, as 25 per cent. of the profits go to the rescue and social work of the Army. They also draw attention to the fact that the directors of the Prudential draw enormous salaries, whereas the S.A. directors have not a penny salary from the Assurance, but give their services freely."

Our readers interested in the subject will remember that in the letter from "Major" Trounce, published on March 2nd, he wrote:

"The S.A. Assurance do not encourage their agents in the transferring of other companies' business."

Does Major Trounce wish the public to understand that he says the thing that is not true? It will be the only possible conclusion they can arrive at if he continues to refuse the explanation he is asked for.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Pretty Music and Pretty Women.

Miss Edna May is leaving the stage for the uncharted seas of matrimony. Miss May has done this thing before, so that presumably she knows just as well what she is doing as I could tell her. Anyway, I wish her the best of luck, a long life and a happy one as Mrs. Lewisohn. The copper trade is doing very well, thank you; and so is the coffee trade. At least, the Lewisohn side of both these trades is. So that Miss May, as Mrs. Lewisohn, should miss the handsome salary paid her heretofore by Mr. Chas. Frohman less than some previous lady venturers from stage to domesticity have done.

Of Edna May.

I have never thought Miss Edna May could act, and I have been discreetly silent as to her art as a singer. But she has done very well without the genius of a Duse or the voice of a Melba. For she has something equally valuable to offer the public, something which a larger section of the public can appreciate than is ever likely to understand the greatest acting or the noblest singing. She has a charming personality. Not only her Quaker-like prettiness, her Salvation bonnet, and her sweet little voice had their share in her conquest of London. The face, though hardly in her case, any more than in mine or yours, a complete index to the character of the owner, still reflected faithfully her two most distinctive claims to attention—a delightful naiveté and a kindly heart. So that the gain of Mr. Lewisohn will be a genuine loss to thousands of English playgoers whose discrimination the critics hold in scorn. In lamenting her departure from the stage for the fireside those simple souls do quite right. As an artist, even in her own department, she is not on the highest plane, but the gods and the dudes have loved her as they love their picture-post-cards and their photo-views, and for very much the same reason. The common people understood Miss May—or thought they did—therefore they heard and saw her gladly. In some of the arts the democratic criterion may be accepted less grudgingly than in the art on the stage. But in none more than in this is the need for bowing down to the verdict of the public clear and emphatic. Therefore, even those of us who have spoken least generously of her artistic quality must admit the preference of the men and women who pay for theatre-going. For myself I am willing to grant that it has at least as strong a chance of finality as the scorn of what Henley called the "bloomin' utter." Edna, in fact, is one of our conquerors, and as she prepares again to step into wifehood she is singing once more "Follow On!" The women of the stage in other days who are remembered best to-day, and most affectionately, were not all of them the greatest actresses of their time, and they had not all a sense of the ludicrous.

Woman or Actress?

The comparative failure of the present Savoy season reminds us once more that the Woman matters as much as the Actress on the stage in our time as in others; the Man only less than the Actor. The Gilbert-Sullivan revivals have been sung and played and acted this year as well as ever they were. But the shadows of dead men and women (not to speak of our own dead youth) lay about them like a cloud. Comparisons were inevitable and odious, so that the Old Comic Opera is to be waved from the stage of the Savoy by the New Comedy; to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte will succeed Messrs. Barker and Vedrenne. The triumphing Shaw is to flaunt him provokingly in the very centre of things, almost on the doorstep of the "Saturday;" the Court School will raise its head under the very nose of the Adelphi. I regret, for sentimental reasons only, the failure of the Savoy operas to attract the younger generation in paying quantity to their old home; the public hunger for the new thing, even though it be the new musical comedy, is not entirely bad. I say "even though it be the new musical comedy" out of deference to my critical brethren only; in common with John Oliver Hobbes and a few other persons of quite ordinary taste and liberal humour, I have defended musical comedy more than once against the silly attacks of its detractors. Granted that some musical comedy has been disfigured by vulgarity, whilst much of it has been futile; how much less vulgar and futile the mass of it has been than the melodrama on the one hand and the so-called burlesque or extravaganza on the other, which musical comedy has so largely displaced. My superior musical friends who earn a precarious livelihood by writing very good articles to show how music ought to be composed, and composing very bad music themselves, sniff contemptuously when I defend the musical comedy as prime feeder of the barrel-organ and wholesome purveyor of melody to the mean streets. Yet I know that they would

give their ears to be able to make a piece of music that was half so popular as "Little Dolly Day-Dreams" or "Tell me, Pretty Maiden!" These and their kith are the airs the great men of music maunder in their cups and whistle in their baths. I have heard one of our leading composers hum "Zuyder Zee" with melancholy approval, and turn off a line of "Bluebell" as a greeting to Mrs. Composer after a capital dinner. These are the straws that show. The philosopher who hungered to make a nation's songs knew what he was about; and some of us will remember gratefully what we owe of surcease from sorrow at the hands of genial George Edwardes long after we have forgotten or condemned the claims of many a more pretentious healer of the popular ills.

George Edwardes.

A year or two ago Mr. George Edwardes announced that musical comedy of the old sort was dying, and that musical plays of a new kind must be provided. Now, George undertsands the popular taste of London as well as he understands a good gee-gee, that is why he has stood for ten years or so as the personal embodiment of the case for musical comedy of the finer type. It is just a decade since Edna May came to London with "The Belle of New York"—she was twenty-two then, and more than a year older when the last of the 550 performances at the Shaftesbury was given. Other American managers set themselves at once to imitate Mr. Lederer's London success, and they made a ghastly failure of it. Not so Mr. Edwardes! All that he learned from "The Belle" was double assurance of his own already well-grounded suspicion that something between the best class of music-hall entertainment and the best type of burlesque, something with plenty of pretty women and pretty music in it, really well-written songs well-sung, genuine comic acting—something made up of vivid snippets of all the ingredients of all the previous sorts of stage entertainments ever known to man—was the then only half-conscious demand of the great semi-educated, semi-musical, "Tit-Bits"-loving people of London. Out of this conviction Mr. Edwardes has reared a series of theatrical productions which, whilst all of a family, have been quite different in non-essentials, and of a growing merit. They have contained, like the new sort of newspaper, something for everybody; and the later plays, at least, have commanded the approval of many erudite folk who scoffed openly at the earlier specimens. The fact of the matter is this: most of the people who damned musical comedy began to do so before they had seen it, because a few critics had done so (because it was a new art-form, like Wagner's music-dramas, which also they damned), and went on doing so from sheer force of habit. I took one of these guileless victims of a derived prejudice to the Apollo to see "Veronique," after suffering his foolishness none too gladly for a period of years. The effect was magical; I believe he spent the rest of his annuity in regular attendance at the theatre until the close of the season, and then had to be forcibly removed from the theatre. Let the reader recall the names and associations of a few of the Edwardes' successes, and ask himself candidly whether his life would not not have been a noticeably duller affair than it has been had he never seen them—"The Geisha," "San Toy," "The Little Michus," "Kitty Grey," "The Duchess of Dantzic," one remembers pleasantly at once; and there have been at least a dozen others.

From Musical Comedy to —— ?

The musical pedants left off snoring when Messager, of the grand opera, entered the ranks of the musical comedy composers; the literary snobs, confronted with the printed lyrics of Adrian Ross, C. H. Taylor, and other contemporary bards of the same order, have had to admit that they are "not half bad." So the old ignorant bias against musical comedy has virtually passed away on the eve of the passing of the form of art it has denied, the death of Owen Hall, one of the most gifted creators, and the retirement of Edna May, its most attractive feminine pioneer. Striking a balance, I believe that musical comedy has almost exclusively made for good. At times it has flustered our belated friars of orders blue—like my good friend Stead, whose soul is even more susceptible to the seduction of the sex than my own, and whose nose for a doubtful joke is beyond compare—but its morals as a whole have been as sound as the Moderate Party's, and its manners much more picturesque. It has popularised better music than the common people used to sing before it came. It has given harmless amusement to millions. It has banished the doggerel-man from the ranks of librettists, and it has caused a drastic revision of comic opera conventions. So it has paved the way for fine new comic opera.

P.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARD.

To His Worship the Mayor of Coventry, Warwickshire.

I say, Excellency, that proposed Godiva procession in your town is a little—well, say a little too much of a good thing, is it not? If I had been a Coventry citizen I should myself never have made the bare suggestion of such an historic revival. You see, when Godiva went abroad on horse-back in the days of Earl Leofric, everybody kept indoors, except a tailor, who peeped through his window—possibly with the view of satisfying himself whether the lady would look nice in one of his tailor-made costumes—and he had his eyes gouged out for his pains.

But in these days you could not possibly keep the whole population indoors. You will have every Coventry tailor climbing a lamp-post, and the rest of the inhabitants clamouring for sunny north and south aspects. Besides, where are you to get your Godiva? I do not know of any lady willing to ride through the streets in the altogether. The costume is so draughty. Moreover, we have a Liberal Government. If the police do not do their duty in this matter, I fear I shall have to mention the matter to Mrs. Grundy. Pray explain.

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor of the "Lancet," 423, Strand, London, W.C.

Dear Wakley,—You used to be Wakley, anyhow—two of you at a time—whoever you are now. I like your paper. Without doubt it is one of the most comic publications. I do not know an editor who has a finer staff of humorists than you have. What is more, you have struck out a line for yourself. You get all your jokes out of the terrors of life. You do a fine exclusive line in microbes, for instance. You are always telling us what microbes will do to us if we are not careful. According to you, we are in danger from microbes every time we eat, every time we drink, and every time we sleep. You have warned us against them while we ride and while we walk. From you I gather that the only safe and enjoyable way to live is to die.

Last week you seem not to have been able to get a funny article out of microbes. But you found another terror easily enough. "Persons who are sensitive to the vapours of paint, or, what is the same thing, to the turpentine and oils contained in the paint, are well advised," you tell us, "to resign their homes until the drying influence of the air has dissipated the volatile oils." Turpentine, it appears, is a poison. It even attacks the milk. What Mrs. Bull wants to know, however, is whether it will hurt the piano, remove freckles and sun-burn, and scare garden cats? Please answer when next you are writing. I understand the *Lancet* is such a funny paper now that even housemaids read it. Go on and prosper, doc.

JOHN BULL.

To H. Hamilton Fyffe, Esq.

Sir,—My attention was drawn to you by your review of what you called a "nasty novel" in the *Daily Mirror*. I am not now concerned about the truth of your charge. Indeed, for the sake of argument, I will assume that the book was disgusting. But what was the immediate result of your action? An enormous increase in the circulation of the work, aided by flaring advertisements, which the *Daily Mirror* was paid to insert! After the sanctimonious way in which you turned up the whites of your eyes, that was surely one of the most amazing incidents even in the history of yellow journalism. Let us listen to some of your snuffling when, with every affectation of anguish, you proceeded to recite the "nasty" plot:—"I would here earnestly appeal to all who are not specially interested in the question to turn their eyes at once from this letter—not to read another word of it. I have been challenged. I must reply. But I do not want my reply to be read by anyone whom it might shock or harm. Don't read it out of curiosity. If you have any feeling of that kind, stop now. Don't read another word. . . I apologise sincerely to all decent people for writing such a letter as this. I hate doing it. . . . Nauseous as the task has been . . ." My dear fellow, do allow me to lend you a pocket-handkerchief.

Now, if I had not read all this whining balderdash, I would never have believed that a person like you could exist at this time of day, much less be at large and allowed to write for newspapers. But there you are, and your unique personality has actually given me an interest in the *Daily Mirror*. There, at frequent intervals, I read little leading articles, signed H. H. F. They must be by you, for no one else could ever hope to soar to such heights of absurdity. Instead of a title, they are often headed by an idiotic inquiry, such as, "WHY DO WOMEN USE FORCE?" or "WHAT GOOD IS YOUR BACK GARDEN TO YOU?" I can think of the answer in both cases, but as you might not feel complimented, I will keep my knowledge to myself.

Unkind as it is, I cannot, however, forbear to quote some of the glittering gems of thought wherewith you edify the weak minds of your yellow readers:—"The back garden is a peculiarly British institution. The instinct for leading a hidden life is a remnant of savagery. Civilised people take a pleasure in one another's society. The back garden is a squalid emblem of our separatist tendency. Away with it. Let us have the Front Garden instead." Hoch! hoch! let us wash all our dirty linen in public. "Men who are unable to transact their business without keeping one another up all night have no right to call the Suffragettes silly." Argal, the earlier we go to bed the wiser we are. Then why get up at all? In another article you argue that this country cannot be great because it contains some people who write begging letters. "That is the whole secret," you scream from your pulpit; "induce the working habit and loafing becomes hateful (except on holidays)." Was there ever such a woolly mind as yours? Either loafing is hateful or delightful. How can it be a man's delirious joy on Monday and his abomination of desolation on Tuesday? He may think it right to eschew loafing on Tuesday, but that is not to say that the very idea of repeating what he enjoyed on Monday makes him sick. "We must reform our system of education. From top to bottom it is wrong." We must really inquire into your views on corporal punishment. "A year hence there will be as many motor-cabs as there are motor-omnibuses to-day." This you intend as a prophecy that the number of motor-cabs will be huge, but, like many of your startling propositions, it means the reverse of what you intended it to mean.

I could go on quoting you for pages, but I fear I should weary my readers almost as much as you have already wearied me.

JOHN BULL.

To Philip Green, Esq., President, London Angling Association.

Dear Phil,—One of the news agencies reports that you have been fishing at Boveny, near Windsor; also that you have landed two fine Thames trout, weighing 5lbs. and 6½lbs. respectively. Appalled at the stupendous nature of this catch of the season, you may have taken your hook. If not, pray let me have confirmation, because if you have landed Thames trout of that size, I am coming up to catch whales. You will remember that one of the few jokes Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor poll," ever made was on the assertion of Dr. Johnson that he thought he could write fairy tales. "You would make your little fishes talk like whales," retorted Goldsmith.

Are you exhibiting your fish, or have you eaten them? They would have looked well in a glass case, suitably stuffed. Perhaps though, after all, the news agency has mistaken the species, and they are all cod. Reporters, as you know, are themselves queer fish.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Were they poisoned when you caught them? I ask because the Thames is not exactly a sweet river. Ever tried a mouthful?—J.B.

COMING IN SIGHT—BUT A LONG WAY OFF!

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SPECIAL FREE OFFER !

In order to banish the growing evil of hair trouble which is a great detriment to the personal appearance of either sex, the following free offer is being made by one of the most enterprising London firms who are endeavouring to show the folly of neglecting the hair. The proprietors of Edwards "Harlene" have decided to send free to all readers of this journal suffering from baldness, grey, thin, brittle, or fading hair, scurf irritation, and other hair disorders, a special sample bottle of their invaluable preparation free of all obligations. Following are two or three reflections, which are earnestly recommended to the thoughts of our readers. Firstly, let them seriously think on their personal appearance; life is not long enough to neglect this.

Secondly, it is desirable to consider that, as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter, and therefore it should be the potent duty of all to make it last as long as possible by taking every care of their hair, and accepting the generous offer made by the proprietors of Harlene.

"Harlene" is a popular remedy which is well-known for its wonderful power of keeping the hair in the best condition possible for a much longer period than could otherwise be expected. How necessary then to keep on your dressing-table a bottle of "Harlene," and to use it every day.

Shall we be so careless as to neglect nature's greatest gift, and throw away such chances to our lasting regret?

Of nothing can we be more sure than this—if you have tried other remedies without any good results, and if you avail yourself of this opportunity, and send at once for the free trial bottle of "Harlene"—in a very short time you will find, as thousands of others have already found, that at last you have discovered a certain remedy and at the same time, a most pleasant dressing for your hair.

The perfume of "Harlene" is of a subtle, refined fragrance, and the preparation is free from all grease.

"What chance," plaintively asked he of the shiny dome, "has a bald-headed man in this world?"

"A fighting chance," answered the other man. "His adversary can't grab him by the hair."

Yes, that is all very well from that point of view, but from any other it is but very poor consolation.

WORTHLESS PREPARATIONS.

Many people make mistakes, and waste money on worthless preparations, foisted upon them for the sake of greater profit, and instead of improving the hair, they make it worse than it was before. There are others who take internal remedies, which must surely ruin the constitution, and cannot benefit the hair. It is a sure thing that when we reach a certain age grey hairs may be expected, but still they need not be taken as a matter of course, for many people have been proved at middle age to have retained their hair, and also its natural colour, thanks to the persistent use of "Harlene."

"Harlene" has become a necessity and is *the* remedy which is most popular among all classes since only by its use can the hair be kept in quite a healthy condition.

The most beautiful hair will deteriorate if it fails to receive proper attention, whilst much can be done to improve and keep it in good order by the use of this world-renowned Hair Tonic and Restorer.

Poets have sung the praises of beautiful hair, without which good features lose their effect, and yet there are numbers of people who sit down and bewail the fact that they can do nothing to improve their hair. But they are wrong! If only they will use the right remedy, they will, in a short time, with their changed appearance, be the envy of all their friends; their thanks will be entirely due to their own common-sense, by having used in time, the World-Renowned Hair Producer and Restorer, "Harlene," which contains the only properties that can produce hair, going straight to the roots, giving them a life and vigor they never knew before.

It has been tried—and has proved a great success—by thousands throughout the civilised world for nearly a quarter of a century, including royalty, eminent travellers, prominent actresses, business men and women, etc., all of whom have testified to its efficacy, and it will not fail to do for you what it has already done for them.

The Proprietors of this excellent hair remedy feel sure that when once you have tried it you will never want to be without it. They will therefore send a Special Sample Bottle to any part of the world, to any person sending name and address, mentioning name of this paper, and enclosing 3d. for carriage, to "Edwards Harlene Co.," 95 and 96, High Holborn, W.C. (Foreign stamps accepted.) If applied for personally no charge is made. In course of time, as the potentialities of "Harlene" become more widely appreciated, the possession of a beautiful head of hair will doubtless come to be regarded as an indispensable necessity. In all cases of hair disorders "Harlene" should be used, as it not only cures existing hair troubles, but prevents the occurrence of them. The cost is within the reach of all, and may be obtained at Chemists and Stores at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle all over the world, or sent carriage paid on receipt of P.O.—[Advt.]

SHAKESPEARE.

By Jim Crow.

April 23rd being the alleged birthday of William Shakespeare, it may be appropriate to devote a few lines to the plays which bear his name. There have been many frauds in history and literature, but probably none quite so barefaced as that of this pretended playwright. My opinion of him is very similar to that which Mrs. Gamp entertained about Mrs. Harris, that there aint't no sich person. Surely it is incredible that any man could have become so celebrated and left so few records of his career. Great writers who lived centuries before his time are almost our familiar friends. We know all about their characters, habits and vicissitudes. We should probably recognise them if we met them in the street. But all we know about Shakespeare is that a man of his name was a poacher, and was buried at Stratford-on-Avon. What wonder, then, that many people should believe him to be a mere alias for the great and sapient Bacon?

Unprofitable Plays.

How on earth any manager was ever persuaded to place his plays upon the stage must be a standing wonder to all time. Nowadays there is the excuse that a false halo of glory has gathered round his name, and people read or see the plays because they are supposed to be a portion of literature, a mark of elementary education—in other words, "the thing." But even now they generally involve a financial loss to their producers. Shakespeare may be literary, but he is not dramatic. He gives us phrases which we can quote, but his plots are improbable, his characters are unhatural, his declamation is long-winded and dull. We are quite content to see him (more or less dusty) on our library shelves. But he cannot drag us to the theatre to be bored. As the great Dr. Johnson observed, "Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted; 'Macbeth,' for instance."

Poverty of Plot.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that none of Shakespeare's plays possess a passable plot. Some of his plots are indeed very poor. Take "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which Hazlitt criticised as "little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in, the story of a novel dramatised with very little labour or pretension." In "Love's Labour Lost" another critic discerns "the imperfect development of the characters and the lack of any serious interest in the plot," as proofs of the author's youth. In regard to "The Comedy of Errors," Stevens wrote: "We find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the *dénouement* will be brought about. Even in the last, and unnecessary, scene the same mistakes are continued till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost." "The Merchant of Venice" is supposed to be a serious play, but is full of grotesque improbability. In what court of law, for instance, in any land or age (except, perhaps, America, 1907) would a pound of flesh be awarded concurrently with the proviso that not a drop of blood should be spilled? Such a decision is mere buffoonery and quite out of keeping with the dignity of high drama.

Voltaire's View.

Some fault (and often a grievous one) can be found with every one of the productions of the "Bard of Avon." But as I am not writing a book—am, in fact, only offering a few incitements to reflection over a great fraudulent reputation—I will restrict my general criticism to a quotation from Voltaire. Boswell admits that "a blind, indiscriminate admiration of Shakespeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners." It certainly led Voltaire to pass an unfavourable judgment upon the whole British drama. "The Italians," he says, "the French, all men of letters in all countries, who have not spent some time in England, regard Shakespeare as a mere clown at a country fair, as a mountebank far below the rank of a harlequin, as the most contemptible buffoon that ever amused the populace." In defence of this opinion he refers to Iago's very coarse observations in the first scene of "Othello," and makes the dry remark: "Thus it was that men spoke on the tragic stage in London." Then he gives a full translation of the scene between Cleopatra and the clown who brought the "worm of Nilus," and whose language was certainly inappropriate to the occasion. Further on he gives the grotesque scene between Henry V. and Katherine, which he considers one of the strangest in all Shakespeare's plays, though he does not seem to have noticed that Shakespeare represented a French princess as speaking very bad French. Assuredly the whole scene is piteous drivel, and (as Dr. Johnson observed) utterly out of keeping with Henry's

character. Finally, Voltaire draws attention to the coarse jests at the close of Katherine's English lesson, and exclaims: "All that was played at great length on the London stage, in the presence of the Court."

Coarseness.

Most of the critics who have eulogised Shakespeare lay stress upon his humour. That is probably because Shakespearian students are usually lacking in that divine quality themselves. Hazlitt, for instance, commenting on "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," wrote that "the scene of Launce with his dog is a perfect treat in the way of farcical drollery and invention." I will not sully these pages by quoting the disgusting passage, but if any of my readers will take the trouble to turn to Act IV., scene IV., they may judge for themselves as to the perfection of the drollery. Whatever other good qualities the Bard may possess, he is certainly incapable of jesting with any semblance of seemliness.

Alluding to Parolles, in "All's Well that Ends Well" (what a silly title!) Schlegel says: "The mystification, by which his pretended valour and his shameless slanders are unmasked, must be ranked amongst the most comic scenes that ever were invented." This is as much as to say that no comic scenes ever were invented. There is not a smile in the whole dreary passage. Even *Punch* or Aristophanes sparkle in comparison. And as for the conversation between Parolles and Helena (Act I., scene I.), the heavy jests about virginity are scarcely worthy of the pages of the *Sporting Times*.

Typical Humour.

Volumes might be written to the discredit of Shakespearian humour, but I am content to take my stand on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," styled by Warton "the most complete specimen of its author's powers," and by Hazlitt "very amusing." Read the dreary rubbish for yourselves, and I will thank you to tell me if you can find a glimmer of merriment on any page.

Was there ever anything so depressing, so soporific?

A Word of Praise.

As a matter of fact, to be perfectly fair, we must allow that the author of Shakespeare's plays possessed a certain facility for turning phrases which are easy to remember; he could construct jingles which lend themselves to quotation; at times he was even a shrewd observer of human nature. But it is absurd to regard his work as a great literary landmark.

APRIL.

Come, April, bind your wind-blown, tangled hair,
And call to May.
For see, within my garden doth appear
A rose to-day,
With leaves as red as those *her* lips display.

Vera Canute.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Zealous Copper.

As a Policeman was standing on a Street-corner
Musing on Promotion, he spied a Man Standing still a
Bit Higher up.
"You come erlong er me," he said. "You're obstructing the Traffic."
"There is no Traffic," replied the man.
"Never mind That," said the Policeman. "You're 'ere
for the Purpose of Committin' a Felony."
"I ain't," said the Man, "I'm waiting for a 'Bus."
"Well, then," said the Policeman, "I'll arrest you for
loiterin' with intent to bet. I must do something
for My Wages."

F. W. Thomas.

We have received a striking collection of post-cards (A. L. Series, Aristophot Co., 104, Southampton Row, London) from Mr. E. Alexander. They give vivid representations of eminent men connected with the Colonies and India, and of cities, harbours, and landscapes in Greater Britain. These cards are beautifully executed, and may be unreservedly commended. They are rightly called the Post Card de Luxe.

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IS SHANKS KILLING THE IRISH EXHIBITION?

By an Irishman.

One of the most appropriate features connected with the approaching Irish International Exhibition is the fact that it is pitched on a site within easy rifle shot of the famous Donnybrook Green; Donnybrook Green, where the fairs used to be held and Irishmen filled in time by getting drunk, treading on each others coat tails, and cracking each other's skulls—the latter a game that the Dublin Metropolitan police have since abolished in favour of the less deadly coker-nut shy at Irish fairs.

Donnybrook history repeats itself. The exhibition was suggested by Mr. James Shanks, a Dublin "wind and water merchant," or mineral water manufacturer, at your choice. Also J.P.; also ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. James had one set of thoughts—to revive Irish industries; to challenge the whole world to exhibit its wares, beside those of the Green Isle, and show the universe that Ireland can manage things—produce the finest things at the cheapest rates. Never for a moment, of course, did he dream that matters would fall out so that the Irish International Exhibition would be James Shanks, and James Shanks the Irish International Exhibition. But that is what happened.

James began by inducing various Irish companies and individual Irishmen to put up a colossal guarantee, and when the patriotic fund was arranged he started in to have a fight with the Gaelic League, the Sinn Feinn, and various other political sects, with the result that Nationalist Ireland has made up its mind to solidly boycott James's show. The said sects object to the Irish International Exhibition because, they say, when the world sees English, French, German and American goods side by side with Irish the latter will suffer from comparison, which argues the Irishman's unbelief in his own manufactures. But they also have hearts filled with hatred, malice and all uncharitableness towards James Shanks, who seems to be *persona grata* with nobody, and to be one of the most disliked Irishmen in Dublin or out of it—disliked even by the very guarantors of the exhibition, who, fearing that Shanks's management will result in a disastrous crash, are scrambling to have their vountary risks underwritten.

Shanks is a stern man, an unbending one, with a Kitchener-like glitter in his eye, and a general you-be-damned attitude towards everybody. He is first and foremost a great I AM, a firm disbeliever in the truth that "two heads are better than one," and an equally firm believer in the idea manufactured by himself, and held by himself alone, that there is but one master head in Ireland, and that it is on the shoulders of James Shanks. Changing the phrase of the Moslem, he says, "Shanks is Shanks. There is but one Shanks, and Shanks is his prophet."

Up to date this iron dictator has played the part of autocrat to perfection in connection with the exhibition, and those who have the most earnest wish for the success of the undertaking are among the pessimists who feel that James has fanned into flame the false beacon that will lure the ship to destruction on the rocks. One of the objects of the exhibition is to show the world that Ireland can manufacture things and manufacture them well. Shanks began by giving Irish carpenters and joiners a good free advertisement. Chairs and tables and such like were wanted for the exhibition. Did he get them in Ireland? No! The order went to England, and this Lord High Everything had the assurance to explain to the Irish that Ireland could not supply him! That was advertisement number one for the Irish manufacturers that are to challenge comparison.

Then James looked around for other means to boom Ireland, and he in his own head discovered that Irish caterers could not look after the feeding of the visitors to the show. This, despite the fact that a committee of the most famous hotelkeepers in Ireland offered their services free to see the thing through! No. That would not do for James Shanks. He arranged with a London caterer with whom he made the strange bargain that he should have a goodly proportion of the takings and run absolutely no risks. Advertisement number two.

Then James thought he would show how a committee should be bossed when an absolute monarch has the handling of them. A committee of the leading Irish musicians—famous men all of them—were engaged in the work of arranging for the musical side of the exhibition. While they were engaged in their labours, lo! James announced that he had hired one musician who would, subject to him, look after the musical catering. He forthwith despatched his man to scour the Continent to pick up all the German and other bands necessary to annoy the ears of those who will patronise the exhibition.

TWO BOOKS—LIGHT AND SHADE.

By P.O.T.

After all, we read books to be amused, at least with the fond hope of being amused. If we are amused, we are thankful for small mercies. Here is a small mercy:—

"The Twelfth Hour," by Ada Leverson. (Published by Mrs. Grant Richards at 6s.)

It is all about nothing, but it is good clowning. It makes us smile several times and laugh at least once. The charm of it is that it has no plot, no serious purpose, no strenuous personages, no laboured moral. If it had had a preface, it might have adopted the converse of Father Adderley's epigram, and set forth, "This is not a tract; it is a joke."

Mrs. Leverson has evolved a fascinating boy of sixteen, who combines the grace of Chesterfield with the diplomacy of Talleyrand and the epigrams of Disraeli.

The only way to review the book is to shudder at the syren on the frontispiece and to grin over a few elegant extracts—

"I think papa's parties are the greatest fun one can get anywhere. It's a wonderful mixture. a sort of Russian salad.

How exciting it is, for instance, never being quite sure whether one is going to be taken to dinner by—Lord Rosebery, or—Little Tich!"

"As it happens, my dear, they've both refused," said Savile ironically.

"And who will be the great card this time, Savile?"

"Of course, Roy Beaumont, the inventor."

"What on earth's he invented?"

"Himself, I should think." . . . .

Instead of making his wife his housekeeper, as most men do, he made his housekeeper his wife. She was a depressing woman. . . . .

Savile would never eat *Reading* biscuits, because he feared that some form of condensed study was being insidiously introduced into the system. . . .

"P.S.—I have left a long space between the lines so that you should read between them."

"Good gracious! I think I don't care for gossip about other people," said Vera; "I'm sure I shouldn't like that at all. I am really only interested in my own life."

"Then no wonder you find it so difficult to be amused, darling." . . .

"My dear Lady Nora, don't make fun of me! No, some rather intelligent people are coming."

"Really? I thought your parties were always very smart!"

And so forth, and so forth. Very small beer, no doubt. But genial and good-natured. "Dodo" and water perhaps. But you can't be angry with it.

"The Priest," by Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is quite a different book. You are furious with it all the time. It is monstrous, libellous, grotesquely improbable, only fit for the dung-hill. Yet somehow or other, with a certain amount of dainty skipping, you persevere to the end.

The story is too funny not to be told. Mrs. Revington is a widow with an only daughter. Her husband committed suicide just after she was dragged into a divorce case by Mr. Purvis, a financier, who had lent her money. Everybody believed Mr. Revington's death was due to the scandal. So the widow was cut by society. As a matter of fact, however, he was driven to his doom by Father Severn, the Master of the Secret Society of Nicodemus, whose members were Papists disguised as Anglicans. Looking through her husband's papers, Mrs. Revington discovered the existence of this society. She accordingly called on Father Vesey, the secretary, and stole the rules and list of members. Among the latter she discovered the name of the Bishop of Warborough, who had joined in his youth, but now desired to break away. She determined to use her knowledge to force the Bishop to get her back into society. Meanwhile Purvis, the financier, has called and stolen the precious book. He takes it to Father Severn, and tries to blackmail him, but the priest turns the tables cleverly and amusingly. The priest eventually compels Purvis to force Mrs. Revington to sign a paper, saying she stole the book in collusion with the Bishop. There is a great scene, and the Bishop establishes his innocence, and his son marries Miss Revington, who is half-witted and plays the violin abominably. The rest of the book is filled up with scandals about Ritualists and Romanists, such as Mr. Kensit delighted to publish. There are "horful revelations" about confession and flagellation, and all the rest of it. What a pity Begbie can't cultivate a little Christian charity, a sense of probability, and a slight knowledge of human nature. He might then write us quite a fine shilling shocker.

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AN EXAMPLE

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MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

By F. P. Dunne.

(*Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure and Co.*)

"I see be th' pa-apers," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demanded a vote."

"A what?" cried Mr. Hennessy.

"A vote," said Mr. Dooley.

"Th' shameless viragoes," said Mr. Hennessy. "What did they do?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "an immense concoorse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up to th' House iv Commons, or naytional dormytory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' bill to allow English gintlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters befure th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv th' mightiest male intellecks in Britain slept undher their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hemstitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attintive knees and feet iv th' ministhry. It was into this here assimbly iv th' first gintlemen iv Europe that ye see on ye'er way to France that th' furyous females attimpted to enter. Undaunted be th' stairs iv th' building or th' rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an overwhelmin' force iv three polismen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polis. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"Th' brutal polis refused to give it to thim an' a desp'rate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurlin' cries iv 'Brute,' 'Monster,' 'Cheat,' et cethry, at th' constablry. Hat pins were dhrawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r a vote, sthruck a burly ruffyan with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thin th' infuryated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Polismen seized ladies by th' arms an' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out fainting by th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnissy, was another battle f'r freedom fought an' lost."

"It sarves thim right," said Mr. Hennessy. "They ought to be at home tindin' th' babies."

"A thrue statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man. P'raps they havn't got any babies. A baby is a good substichoot f'r a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time f'r anny other luxuries. But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injye this here impeeryal suffrage that we fought an' bled f'r? Whin me forefathers were follow'in' George Wash'nton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachoosetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' th' plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pursooin' th' other frivolous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect. Afther th' war our brave fellows come back to Boston, an' as a reward f'r their devotion got a vote apiece, if their wives had kept th' Pilgrim Fathers that stayed at home fr'm foreclosin' th' morgedge on their property. An' now, be hivens, they want to share with us what we won.

"Why, they wudden't know how to vote. They think it's an aisy job that anny wan can do, but it ain't. It's a man's wurruk, an' a sthrong man's with a sthrong stomach. I don't know annything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thin

votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year. I get up befure daylight an' thramp over in th' cold to th' Timple iv Freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable. Wan iv th' judges has a cold in his head an' closes all th' windows. Another judge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cookin' red-hots on it. Th' room is lit with candles an' karosene lamps, an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At th' dure are two or three polismen that maybe ye don't care to meet. Dock O'Leary says he don't know annything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a polisman in his Winter unyform. All th' pathrites an' as th' pa-apers call thim, th' high priests iv this here sacred rite, ar-re smokin' th' best seegars that th' money iv our counthry can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' harness on th' walls glows an' puts out its own peculiar aromy. Th' owner iv th' sanchooary iv Liberty comes in, shakes up a bottle iv liniment made iv carbolic acid, pours it into a cup an' goes out. Wan iv th' domestic attindants iv th' guests iv th' house walks through fr'm makin' th' beds. Afther a while th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a contimchous stare, asks me me name an' a number iv scand'lous questions about me age.

"I'm timpted to make an angry retort, whin I see th' polisman movin' nearer, so I take me ballot an' wait me turn in th' booth. They're all occypied be writhin' freemen, callin' in sthrangled voices f'r somewan to light th' candle so they'll be sure they ain't votin' th' prohybition ticket. Th' calico sheets over th' front iv th' booths wave an' ar-re pushed out like th' curtains iv a Pullman car whin a fat man is dhressin' inside while th' thrain is goin' round a curve. In time a freeman bursts through, with perspyration poorin' down his nose, hurls his suffrage at th' judge an' staggers out. I plunge in, sharpen an inch iv lead pencil be rendin' it with me teeth, mutilate me ballot at th' top iv th' dimmycratic column, an' run f'r me life.

"Cud a lady do that, I ask ye? No, sir, 'tis no job f'r th' fair. It's men's wurruk. Molly Donahue wants a vote, but though she cud bound Kamachatka as asily as ye cud this precint, she ain't qualified f'r it. It's meant f'r gr-reat sturdy American pathrites like Mulkowsky th' Pollacky down th' street. He don't know yet that he ain't votin' f'r th' King iv Poland. He thinks he's still over there pretindin' to be a horse instead iv a free American giving an imitation iv a steam dhredge.

"On th' first Choosday afther th' first Monday in November an' April, a man goes around to his house, wakes him up, leads him down th' sthreet, an' votes him th' way ye'd wather a horse. He don't mind inhalin' th' air iv liberty in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagary be moonlight, chase out th' watchers an' polis, remove th' seegars, make th' judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' iliction. It's no job f'r her, an' I told her so.

"'We demand a vote,' says she. All right, says I, take mine. It's old, but it's trustworthy an' durable. It may look a little th' worse f'r wear fr'm bein' hurled again a raypublican majority f'r forty years, but it's all right. Take my vote an' use it as ye please,' says I, 'an' I'll get an hour or two exthry sleep iliction day mornins,' says I. 'I've voted so often I'm tired iv it annyhow,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'why shud annywan so young an' beautiful as ye want to do annything so foolish as to vote?' says I. 'Ain't we intilligent enough?' says she. 'Ye're too intilligent,' says I. 'But intilligence don't give ye a vote.'

(*To be concluded in our next issue.*)

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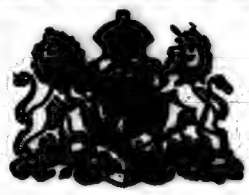

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—
That Preference Shares in the British Empire, Unlimited, are a good investment.

.....

That the theatrical profession is in favour of the Small Houses Bill.

.....

That Mr. Balfour is attending a Bible class.

.....

That during Botha's visit Gen. Baden-Powell has been offered special police protection.

The *Daily Mail* says that nettles and hops should be taken together. They usually are.

Owing to the strike of the Parisian waiters, the customers now have to do the waiting.

Promiscuous Miss-Q's:—
Quid pro quo.—A sovereign remedy.
Caput mortuum.—A deadhead.
Pro bono publico.—For the good of the house.
Mens agitat molem.—Aching teeth.
Nil admirari.—A critic.
Est modus in rebus.—The fashion in kissing.
Jet d'eau.—Dirty water.

At a recent inquest, a surgeon stated that licking a pencil point transformed it into a poisoned weapon. Journalists are especially addicted to the habit.

Some Definitions:—
Interest.—A capital thing.
Influenza.—A catarrh not to be sneezed at.
Ingot.—A form of income.
Ingrate.—A beneficiary.
Iniquity.—The sin of some other fellow.
Ink.—A means of defacing paper.
Injury.—A species of gratitude.
Injustice.—A lost law action.
Inn.—A draughty place; a lubricating instrument.

The Mayor of Coventry is to select the Lady Godiva for the pageant. A mere matter of form.

Adam was a first attempt; Eve, the improvement.

If there were no men, there would be no milliners.

Matrimony reverses the old saying:—"Duty first; pleasure afterwards."

Courage is the ability to conceal fear.

It is better to have many friends, than to be the friend of many.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—and doesn't care.

Nineteen women have been elected to the Finnish Parliament. Is this the beginning of the finish?

Thaw's friend, R. M. Crow, suffers from "Pittsburg parancia, an uncontrollable impulse to do something sensational." His latest sensation was to shoot himself in the abdomen at the Opera House. That is certainly a preferable form of parancia to shooting other people in the back.

According to Laffan's Agency, the bookies in New York take no risks. Here were the official quotations on the Thaw Trial Stakes:—

4 to 1 on Conviction.
2 to 1 on Acquittal.
10 to 7 against Disagreement.

No wonder Thaw wodin bet.

We are told that the best turquoises are of an "exquisitely vivid blue." We know now why certain words are described as gems of thought.

The Lancet makes some cutting remarks whilst dissecting the sausage. After this, sausage-makers cannot possibly make both ends meat.

In a recent "agony" the advertiser states his desire to "waste his heart in one long kiss." His heart is in his mouth.

A cyclist complains of abusive motorists, who deliberately transgress the rule of the road. They prefer the "role of the rude."

Old-age pen-shunners.—Users of fountain pens.

No stage representation of murder is permitted in Turkey. It is a Government monopoly.

A lady's maid, now in Bexley Heath Lunatic Asylum, has five large trunks and innumerable boxes, containing forty stylish silk dresses. Many ladies we know are in a similar condition.

Mr. Crossley, M.P., says a city's greatest asset is its young men. He might have added, "and its liabilities are the other sex."

George Belt, Socialist candidate for Hammersmith at the General Election, has been fined 5s. for getting "tied up." It is hard lines when a Belt cannot be tight. Belt must brace himself up.

The Acton magistrate asked a woman if she lived with her husband, her answer being, "Well, he lives with me." A non-paying guest.

The new Transvaal M.P.'s were sworn in "on the balcony of the former Raadzaal." We should have expected the Het Volk, at any rate, to have stuck out for the Bible.

Eveleigh Nash is publishing "The Petronel of Paradise." Has Lord Roberts' rifle-shooting campaign invaded Heaven?—or do they use it for shooting stars?

There is a publichouse in Leicester with the sign of the "Dewdrop Inn." We intend to accept the invitation when next that way.

Someone is advertising for a "lost Prayer Book, of no value to anyone but the owner." This is the newest theology, surely.

Speaking of the metric system, Sir G. Robertson told the House of Commons "the strongest Government would go out if it altered the pint." But suppose it made it a quart?

The Bishop of St. Albans complains of overwork, and says in eighteen nights he slept in fourteen beds. What was he doing the other four nights?

A lady's paper says, "It is the ambition of every girl to have an erect and graceful carriage." As a compromise, we suggest a bicycle.

The following notice appears on the boards surrounding a suburban shop:—"Owing to Fire Business will be carried on as usual." Evidently that fire came just in the nick of time.

In a recent council election a motor, inscribed "vote for the best man," was carrying voters to the poll, irrespective of opinions. Will the owner please communicate with John Bull before the next General Election?

Dr. Rappoport is in favour of dramatic critics marrying actresses, but as he suggests that "marriage gives actresses a certain grip which makes their emotions stronger," perhaps the critics will prefer to put up with weaker emotions.

Mr. Clement Shorter says "running a newspaper is not always for the purpose of making money." Has doing so made Clement shorter?

Bernard Shaw asserts that "women know as well as men—and a great deal better—when they are uncomfortable." Quite so; many men do not know when they are tight.

In Canada it costs 10d. for a hair cut and 7½d. for a shave. It must be a difficult matter to pick out the poets.

Notes on New Books:—

"The Frozen Venus." Harry Lander. Rather a chilly book; and we are sorry the heroine was left out in the cold. The book is written in decent language, and Venus is covered—with ice.

"The Builders." W. G. Emerson. The characters are well drawn, and there are some real bricks in the story. Friendship is soon cemented between the hero and heroine, but their plans are too often shattered. The villain, however, goes to the wall, and eventually reaches the scaffold.

"The Late Tenant." Gordon Holmes. We have been unable to ascertain what made him late, but we expect it was work at the office.

"Her Ladyship's Silence." Marie Leighton. A character like this *may* be possible, but only in fiction.

"Love Will Venture In." Amelia Barr. Of course it will. We expect Cupid left the door open.

"Blind Mouths." Beth Ellis. We have never heard of a blind mouth; perhaps some of the characters lost their eye teeth.

Another gem of a child pianist has been discovered in Ruby Taylor. She plays Chopin blindfolded. We hope she will not cut her fingers.

In view of her farewell on Saturday next, Miss Edna May has introduced "Follow on" into "Nelly Neil." The invitation must not be taken literally.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

JOANNE (Bishopsgate).—No system of Colonial Preference is practicable, sweet girl. Try and work one out and let us have it. And, at the same time, send us your photo.

NESCIO (Stoke Newington) wants to add to his income by addressing envelopes in the evening. He must be careful to avoid firms who advertise offering this and other "home work." He also wants to know about the goods sold by Saqui and Lawrence, the advertising jewellers, of Liverpool Street and other places. We believe they are respectable, but the name of the firm doesn't exactly suggest a charitable institution, does it?

"ANOTHER BALHAM ASS" writes correcting us about the "Kosmon Church," Balham—which he says is *not* a "new religion," but is no less than two years old, and meets *not* "in two empty houses," but in "a furnished house." We sit corrected.

S. C. (London).—Sorry you backed the wrong 'un—but hardly worth a biscuit.

W. E. (Salop).—We do not recommend the "Central Association of Accountants," of 65, London Wall.

W. H. C. (York).—Yes, the "g" in suffragette and suffragist is pronounced soft. Everything is "soft" about the dear ladies.

H. M. M. (Cleveland) wants to buy "some London-made cigarettes, absolutely pure tobacco and best rice paper." Where can he get them? Editorially, we don't smoke (which proves that smoking is not a vice), and Jim Crow, to whom we have referred the question, says he smokes only cheap shag and a clay pipe.

A. J. P. (Southampton).—We quite appreciate your letter. You will see that "Prisoners at the Bar" are revived.

O'NICK (Lincoln).—We always give a minimum of sixteen pages of reading matter. Did you back Ob?

"GREEN BULL" (Dublin).—Thanks for cutting, but the report is not sufficiently explicit. Apparently, O'Brien was fined for *not* having the drink. If so, serve him right, sure!

E. C. (Norwich) suggests that we should consult a naturalist about that black ball in the egg. Having, however, fought three Parliamentary elections, we claim to be eggsperts on the subject.

J. E. F. (Holloway).—We have already warned readers against that "mouth lamp." We call it a Pocket lamp.

C. C. (Stoke Newington) relates how a friend of his sent for an undertaker and warned him that, if he provided a chestnut instead of an oak coffin, his acquaintances in the timber trade would detect it. But he recovered, and does not need a coffin yet. Better luck next time!

P. S. (Barnet) reports that Fellows and Co. (10, Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham) offer a watch to people who pay 17s. 6d. for a chain. He does not think this so bad, because they announce that a chain must be bought. They are a Brummagem firm, all the same. P. S. further inquires about the Goldsmith Company (Milton House, Surrey Street, Strand), which offer huge money prizes for solving simple puzzles and try to induce people to sell various articles for them. He saw one of their butter-knives and thought it was silver because it was "hall-marked E.H." But there is no such hall-mark. Perhaps he mistook E.H. for E.P., which stands for electro-plated.

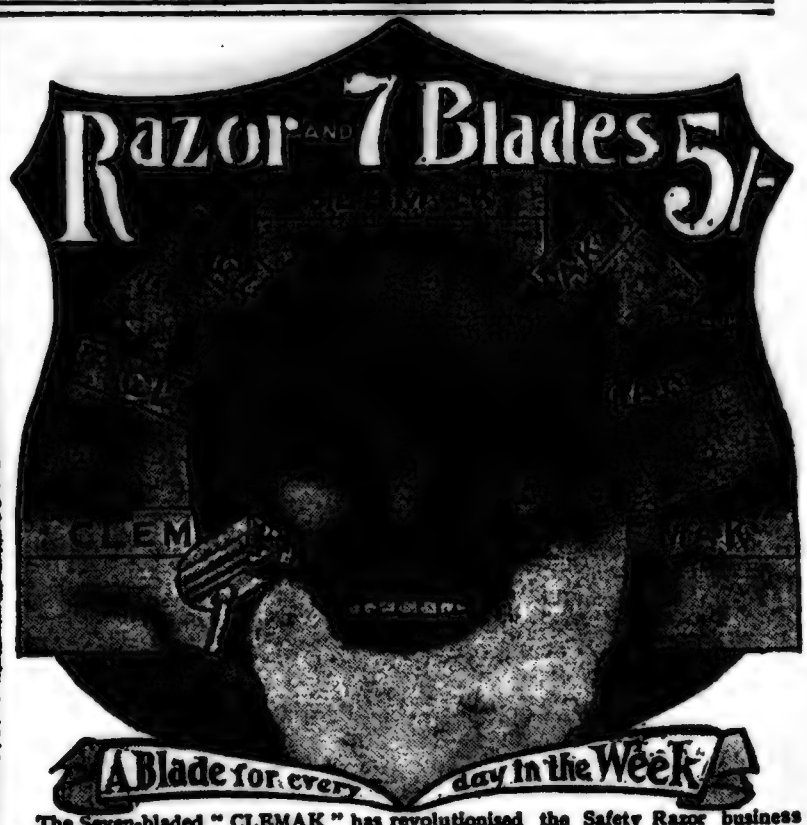
N. E. J. (Edinburgh) sends us a report of an address by Principal Ritchie, of Nottingham, in which occurs this passage: "It would be well for the Church if she gave up prattling about pink pieties and paddling and puddling in the mere pools of philanthropy,"—and now Mrs. Bull makes us repeat these words every night when we come home late.

O. W. (West Hampstead) says:—"Can you explain the following problem: 60 oranges cost 1s; you sell them at the rate of 5 a 1d. and realise 1s., but should you sell 30 at 3 for ½d., and 30 at 2 for ½d.=60 at 5 for 1d., you make a profit of ½d." We do not see where the "problem" comes in. The explanation is simple. By selling 30 at 2 for ½d. you are selling at 4 a penny, whilst 30 at 3 for ½d. is at the rate of 6 a penny; and the profit on 30 at 4 a penny is 1½d., and the loss on 30 at 6 a penny is 1d.

L. W. (Queen's Park) sends us a copy of *Stray Leaves*, a publication which favours "gospel stories" and asserts that at Monte Carlo "each morning around those gardens by the sea a cart is driven to take up and bury the bodies of those who having 'spent all' in sin have taken their lives in despair." Jim Crow is still incredulous.

F. P. (London, W.C.) asked the Oxford Fine Art Galleries (63, Baker Street) for a catalogue. They not only sent him one, but also a large engraving, which they priced at £1 1s. but would sell for 2s. 9d. As they offered to send stamps for its return, we hardly see why F. P. considers them "impudent." He took no notice for three weeks and then received a bill for 2s. 9d. Now he wants to know what he shall do. Why not tell them to send stamps for its return, or, if he does not want the trouble of conveying it to a post-office, tell them to call for it? Of course he is not liable.

H. S. (Acton) "certainly thinks" the *Pelican* should have a biscuit because one of its advertisers made a mistake in his dates. But what about the poor hungry advertiser? Verdict (according to the unwritten law): Certainly not.



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SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 6/6 per dozen, post free. We will always exchange a dozen dull blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6, a dozen post free. Send for free booklet.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

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After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing. 'SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

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Booklet and all information free from

The Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

"Mac" wants our opinion of *T. P.'s Weekly*. We have none.

W. T. M. (Lewes) thanks God for John Bull, and thanks John Bull for taking up the cause of the poor down-trodden income-tax payer. We thank W. T. M. for his kind words, and will look him up when we are next at Lewes.

G. W. (Kingsway) wants a biscuit for the G.P.O. Telephone people for writing to ask for 1d. for cashing an Irish cheque. Did he ever read Disraeli's remarks about "the conjuror who advances to the edge of the platform and for hours draws yards of red tape from his mouth?"

B. W. (Ilford) quotes from the *Daily Mirror* a statement that a pigeon was liberated from a trap "and killed, after which it was found to have laid an egg in the trap." Well, why not?

A. V. P. (Jarrow-on-Tyne) sends us an anecdote from *P.T.O.* with the information that "it was with this joke that Pharaoh was wont to slay any slave that displeased him. It was also one of Nero's favourite instruments of torture and was afterwards rejected by the Spanish Inquisition as defeating its own ends. For when the Spanish gentlemen had tried by rack and thumb-screw to extort information, they threatened their unfortunate victim with a narration of this joke. He at once expired with a shriek, and his secret died with him." Yes, but what have we done?

R. P. M. (East Strand) sends cuttings from the *Evening News* and *Morning Leader*. One has headings: "Good news for the Arsenal men. Big Government order for Woolwich"; the other: "No work for Woolwich. Mr. Haldane Cannot Hold Out Any Hope." Very puzzling for future historians.

G. E. W. (London, E.C.) writes us a long plea for Colonial preference, but we are not impressed by his arguments, for we happen to know something about political economy.

J. F. (Fulham) encloses an appeal from a tradesman in difficulties, but we are sorry for anyone who is in difficulties and do not wish to add to them. No doubt J. F. will see the matter in that light when he thinks it over.

T. P. (Birmingham) pats Jim Crow on the back for his paper on Noises. He remarks "Let us hope James will be heard. Sounds queer, don't it? that the advocates of silence should be making the most noise. If only Jim could get a hearing through these creaking cranks, another national statue would soon be on order. Why don't you equip him and start him on a campaign? This movement appears to be an attempt to drive us all into one long sleep. Isn't it enough to know that we are all destined for one that is *very* long?" Unfortunately Mr. Crow's campaigns are rather too expensive even for us. He did not break the bank at Monte Carlo, like his friends Wells, Rosslyn and Co.

A. S. T. (Plymouth) quarrels with our open post-card to J. R. Macdonald, M.P., and says we "don't seem to comprehend the meaning of the word capital." He kindly reminds us of Adam Smith's definition: "That part of a man's stock which he expects to afford him revenue." Well, money and tools are that. Mill's definitions ("Political Economy," book 1, chapter iv.) confirm this. Like most Socialists, A. S. T. does not argue with courtesy. He accuses us of "gross misstatement of facts," and explains his attempt to lecture us by saying he is an University man, used to lecturing students. Poor students! We are "agast" (to borrow A. S. T.'s orthography) that the education of the young should be entrusted to a Socialist. Let him read "Socialism: Its Fallacies and Dangers" (published at 6d. by Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street) and then write to us again.

A correspondent, who gives his name, answered an advertisement for a partner with £100. He received a reply from F. Lucas (of Franklin and Lucas, 189, Suffolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.). It appears that one of the officials connected with the fixing of starting-prices at race meetings has access to every book in the ring and accordingly knows every movement of importance at Tattersall's. "Of course," says Lucas, "he is not allowed to make use of this information himself," but he passes it on to Lucas. With £100 Lucas is sure he can make an average profit of £5 weekly, which, with great arithmetical agility, he reckons up at no less than £1,500 for the season, or, deducting £150 for expenses, at £1,350. We shall be obliged if Lucas will give us the name of the official who is so kind to him. Otherwise we may be driven to the conclusion that he has been invented to induce innocents to part with sums of £100.

S. W. (Liverpool).—Andrew Carnegie's address is Skibo Castle, Sutherland, N.B., but he has not told us whether he opens his own private letters. Are you after one of those libraries? You will find they cost you quite a lot of money even after he has "presented" them.

C. O'R. sends us an attack on John Burns made by *Punch* in 1890. The only funny part about it is a suggestion that Burns is a contraction for Boanerges. That is not very funny, but it is funnier than anything which appears in *Punch* nowadays. Why rake up ancient abuse? Burns has outgrown a good many things during the last 12 years.

J. G. (London, W.C.) wants to know the value of a silver coin marked Leopoldus XV., 1661. The British Museum refused him £50 for it, though they have no specimen. Why not write and ask the King of Italy? He is a very obliging young numismatist, and would certainly answer if J. G. mentioned our name.

T. D. (Hamilton, N.B.).—We cannot take up the internecine quarrels of the Hamilton United Free Presbytery. Our life is not sufficiently insured.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

"Fancy" does it.
Bookmakers, more than backers, make horses favourites.

"All Black" for Them.
South African racing badly misses the support of Mr. A. Bailey.

True!
Some stables do not really know when they are going to win races.

Thursby is "solus" Here.
In the Army Cup in India two-thirds of a numerous field were ridden by amateur jockeys—chiefly officers.

The Royal Trainer.
The last winner which Dick Marsh, the trainer, rode was Scot Guard, in a hurdle handicap at Kempton Park.

They Run for the Book.
When horses are returned at "100—7 or 100—8 *others*" it is utterly unfair (should one of them happen to win), for, judging by the prices of the front rank, the odds at times against *some* competitors ought to be 100—1.

Would Check Thieving.
As welshing is practically more or less in existence at every race meeting, I suggest as a remedy that all bookmakers should be compelled to use photo betting tickets, and that executives should post notices advising the public to that effect and to do business with such men only. Pickpockets and ticktackers should and could be utterly routed by the enrolment of a race-course detective staff who would do their work thoroughly and not merely nominally.

Sensible Policy.
It is invariably the little race meetings that set examples to the more fashionable fixtures. I am pleased to be able to state that at all Portsmouth Park meetings both the stabling on the race-course and the forage is free. Last week-end's meeting was a big success.

Saturday Ends the Season.
Steeplechase jockeys argue absolutely correctly that there is no possible reason why the open ditch should be four feet deep. They contend that a horse OUGHT to be able to see that there is a rail, by leaving a slight space between it and the ground. Then, they say, it would not be once in a thousand times that the objection raised to the shallow ditch—that a horse would put his fore feet into it—would be realised.

A "Great" Horse.
Bachelor's Button has a magnificent racing record, so that it is no wonder that he is already full for his first three years at the stud. The blood-like chestnut ran forty-three times, winning on sixteen occasions, and being invariably placed—in fact, he has scored over courses from 6 furlongs to 2¾ miles, and was always meeting the best class—usually in weight for age races.

Going Ahead.
Since the last Sandown meeting the half-crown ring has been still further materially improved, the bars and luncheon rooms entirely renovated, and the executive now claim that this enclosure is more comfortable and complete than the half-crown ring at any other meetings.

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"John Bull."

Two or three weeks ago I enquired if any of my readers would aid me in finding a thoroughbred horse of the name of "John Bull," who was never any good on the turf but whose existence precluded Mr. Bottomley from his natural desire to similarly name the Rusk colt. I have to sincerely thank several correspondents through whom the owner, his horse, and its position as a travelling stallion have now been traced.

The Pleasures of Racing.

Accentuating my par of last week, two very emphatic cases have, as is only natural in racing, again arisen during the last few days. I refer to the victories of The Rialto and Camisard—both flagrant failures at Newbury, when, ostensibly, there was no possible excuse for them. However, after The Rialto had this time got off in front and remained there throughout at Newmarket, we hear that the chestnut was left at Newbury, while Camisard's arrant failings when carrying substantial money at Lincoln—and again behind Dalkeith—are now supposed to have been aided by his running without blinkers. At Derby the horse won the Doveridge Handicap from end to end in a canter, and those who now missed him had to rub their own eyes to realise whether it was they who also had blinkers on when they saw such a stylish, contrasting performance; although there is no doubt but that Rachel—tried highly enough to win—was not extended by a featherweight.

Medley.

I would strongly warn my readers to be careful with whom they are betting, for in my position as a turf writer on several journals—and particularly being recognised as attempting to be a champion and saviour of the little punter—I am weekly in receipt of hundreds of letters complaining of default by the SAME little set of firms—week after week. May I urge those who follow these notes to write me—in their own interests—inquiring my opinion BEFORE they deal, or to take notice of the firms whose advts. we admit in these columns. So far we have NEVER yet had a complaint against any of the firms, and will undertake to investigate it thoroughly should any ever be made. I would also beg my readers to note the advt. of the joint pictures of Mintagon and Polymelus, and to ask them to spend sixpence to possess this memento. Seeing it once will not alone delight them, but cause its recommendation to every sporting friend they have.

Prophetic.

Sandown finishes a big week with a good card. To-day (Thursday) PRECENTOR, who will be at a long price, is sure to run right forward in the Esher Plate, and THE RIALTO'S very nominal penalty may not stop him in Friday's big sprint. Saturday's jumping suggests following Nightingall's stable, and DO BE QUICK must take the chief steeplechase.

The all-important question of the relations between layer and backer is ever with us. But for the possibility of "having a bit on," the public interest in the horse-racing world would be insignificant, and the need for a business-like system to which the sporting public may pin their faith is very evident. The well-known Turf Accountant, Mr. Daniel M. Gant, member of Tattersall's, has built up an enormous business as the result of giving really satisfactory treatment to backers. An important feature of his system is the "No-Limit" principle. If the horse backed wins at 100 to 1 the full odds are paid. The fairness of Mr. Gant's method is everywhere recognised, and is vouched for by investigations which have been made by the sporting Press. One other point may be alluded to, and that is the trouble Mr. Gant takes to keep his clients' business absolutely private. Those who appreciate this combination of the three cardinal virtues of a Turf Accountant — "Fairness," "Privacy," and "No-Limit"—should write to 25, Conduit Street, London.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE APRIL NUMBER.

THE ONLY "SAMMY."

The following refers to Mr. Samuel Marks, of the firm of Messrs. Lewis and Marks, well known throughout South Africa, and, in the days of the Transvaal Republic, a veritable power in the land :—

"Every negro is a 'Sambo,' but there is only one Sammy in the whole of South Africa. Of course, he is Sammy Marks. Address a letter 'Sammy, Southern Limb of the Dark Continent,' and I am prepared to wager that it will find its way into the Marks' letter-box. There are lots of things 'up against' Sam; but he is one of the most popular of his creed and class in South Africa. He is candid, and never puts up as a saint. He will tell you himself that he doesn't believe in religion or politics because there are no dividends in them. In 1898 Sammy put in for a big thing when he asked Oom Paul for a concession that would give him a monopoly of the biscuit, cake and jam supply of the entire Transvaal.

"He was not so rich when he went to the Cape as he is now. In fact, he landed with a draft for something in the neighbourhood of £30. He soon set out to make his pile, and he has been making it ever since. At that time hides were sold monthly by auction in Cape Town, and about five Hebrews formed a ring and purchased the lot at ridiculously low prices. Sammy noted this and sailed in. The ring offered their usual rates for the hides, and the newly-arrived Sammy, who looked innocent, topped them by a penny. The ring looked at each other and smiled, thinking he was a fool—also thinking he only wanted a few hides. The auctioneer accepted Marks' bid and asked, 'How many, sir?' 'I wants the lot,' was the prompt reply. The ring looked amazed. Sammy—the innocent new chum—had broken them up. Before he could assume ownership of the small mountain of skins Marks had to do a lot of talking to raise the wind among his co-religionists. But he raised it, and having captured the hide market for a month he laid the foundation of his fortune. All the bricks in the edifice may not be sound, honest bricks; but nobody looks for honest bricks in a South African house."

* * *

THE FUSION OF RACES.

Whether Dutch and English will ever fuse in South Africa is a momentous question, upon which the future of the sub-Continent depends :—

"Speaking on the question of the fusion of races in the theatre of the Anglo-Boer War, Mr. John Ewan, a Canadian who has recently returned to England from a prolonged tour throughout South Africa, gave it as his opinion, to a representative of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS, that such a consummation is by no means as Utopian as at first glance it may appear to be. The ancestors of the Saxons of Kent and Sussex, he reminded our representative, came from the same river mouths as nourished the ancestors of the Boer agriculturists of the sub-continent. Religion is often a severing impediment to the amalgamation of two peoples. For example, there can be little doubt that the faith professed by the larger proportion of the population of Ireland has been more potent in keeping the Irishman apart from his English neighbour than either political or economical conditions. This severing distinction exerts but very little force down at the Cape."

* * *

A GRAND OLD MAN.

The following refers to Sir Frederick Young, who is practically the father of the Royal Colonial Institute, and at a patriarchal age remains at the front in our public life :—

"In figure and in carriage he irresistibly suggests that of a commanding officer of heavy dragoons who has at no very far distant stretch of time taken his retired pay. 'Ninety years of age!' I found myself half unconsciously repeating the other day in Northumberland Avenue, when Sir Frederick, with a humorous twinkle in his clear grey eyes, informed me in a whisper that he would soon be only a decade short of a century. And then I looked at the six-foot-two inches of genial humanity that is as severely upright as a subaltern in the Kaiser's Guards, and I found myself irresistibly impelled to confess 'ma doots.' 'Oh! it is a true bill,' responded this Grand Old Man and partial founder of our Imperialist party. 'I was at the Coronation of King William the Fourth and of Queen Adelaide, of our late great Queen, and of her son our present gracious Sovereign. I heard Lord Brougham speak in the Upper House, and Dan O'Connell, then known as the Irish Liberator, in the Lower House, and I spent many hours witnessing the big blaze when the home of 'the mother of Parliaments' was burned to the ground. As you have tempted me, as an old acquaintance, to blow my own trumpet, I may add that I organised the movement that freed Epping Forest, and I headed the demonstration that signalised the saving of the historic forest to the nation by solemnly making a funeral pile of the wooden barriers that had been erected by audacious land-grabbers to keep the people out of their heritage. Also, as you are aware, I took the first hand in organising the Royal Imperial Institute, which from a couple of small rooms at Charing Cross, has grown into what it is to-day—the headquarters in the Empire's capital of Greater Britain.' And yet, after these convincing evidences of a passing long and strenuous career, I found it almost impossible, as I looked at that soldierly figure, and listened to that firm, clear voice, to credit those portentous ninety years."

* * *

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN CANADA.

In an article under this title Mr. Allerdale Grainger utters a much-needed warning to young men contemplating emigration to Canada :—

"The man who finds that his nature really craves the ornamental things of life must never dream of going to the West. Western life is void—achingly void—of many civilised pleasures; of the charm of female conversation, of kitchen delicacies, of the respect of classes beneath one, of games, of nice clothes, of literary and artistic and theological conversation, of the sporting news and the daily paper, of the theatre, the easy chair, and the artistic dwelling-room. Many comforts are lacking; the use of sheets, the frequent bath, the social conventions. Colonial life for most people is going to be passed in *doing things*—in work. Most of this work will mean physical exertion.

"The pleasures of life will be such pleasures as a man can extract from work, from physical exertion, from the intensity of long-drawn-out effort, from the satisfying of hunger and thirst and the desire for warmth, from rest after fatigue, from health and from the open air. Pleasure may also come from the sense of successful achievement, and from material results in dollars.

"All this, quite truthfully, is grinding slavery, dreary monotony, bestial discomfort to the wrong man, to the man built to find enjoyment in civilised life. Let him beware, and stay in England."

* * *

PAUPER CHILDREN AND THE COLONIES.

Referring to a scheme for sending children who would otherwise become either criminals or life-long paupers to the Colonies, the writer describes what is being done by an association of which Mrs. Close is the originator :—

"If the authorities here agree, a committee, with the Duke of Argyll at its head, is prepared to transport the whole of the 85,000 children now maintained out of the rates, to Canada, or Australia. The cost, it may be mentioned, will be one-third the present outlay on maintenance. The first batch of workhouse children have already left these shores, and are now happily established at Ellinor Home Farm, Nauwigewauk, New Brunswick. The farm is in full working order, and is situated fifteen miles by rail from St. John. The children are receiving an excellent education at one of the Dominion elementary schools, three hundred yards from the farm. The district is thoroughly healthy, and the practical knowledge of local conditions thus being acquired will ensure to boys and girls alike a far better future in Canada than if they had emigrated later."

* * *

"BARNEY" BARNATO.

In the course of an article giving for the first time the truth about what led to the suicide of Mr. Barnato, and the assassination of his nephew, Mr. Wolff Joel, the writer refers to the old days when Kimberley was little more than a mining camp, and threw the doings of the Western American mining districts into the shade :—

"Men pegged their claims and dug for 'klippies.' They dug up fortunes. They worked hard by day, they drank hard and gambled hard by night. Honest men found stones on their properties; dishonest men, when they could do so, stole them. Dishonest niggers stole them too, and sold them for what they could.

"Then, as now, men went up country from Capetown and

disappeared in the maw of Africa, never to be heard of again; vanished, so far as their friends at home are concerned, like the ship that strikes the iceberg at midnight and goes under without leaving even a lifebuoy floating to tell her fate to owner or underwriter.

"Wild days and nights, and a mixed community; men such as you may meet down by the London Exchange; men representing the whole gamut of honest society and the gamut of society not called honest; the off-scourings of Europe, the Jewish off-scourings of the East End of London, from which place came one whose name was destined to become known in the financial world—'Barney' Barnato. Thither, too, went Cecil J. Rhodes—unknown, delicate, seeking health, and destined, like Barnato, to make a stir."

* * *

The closing scenes of Mr. Barnato's life are thus described:—

"Then came the closing incident, so far as Barnato is concerned. After some wanderings, Von Veldtheim once more appeared on the scene. But Barnato would not see him, whereupon threats were made in which murder and other things were mentioned. In the end, Barnato, who was never noted as a teetotaler in Johannesburg, made again like a hunted man for Europe. The bottle-nosed buyers and sellers at the Chains speculated between deals concerning his decision, and wondered what was in the air. He went, taking with him a companion, and on arrival at Cape Town he put up as usual at a boarding-house, to go on board the steamer next day. His Cape friends say he should never have been allowed to travel, as his mind was upset, and he was mentally unhinged. They tell a story in Johannesburg and Capetown of how he wakened up during the night in the Cape boarding-house shouting, 'The police are after me, but they will never take me alive.' Whereupon he made to get his pistol, but was prevented. He jumped through the window, and was picked up in the garden and taken back.

"Next day he went on board the homeward mail steamer, and started for England; but he was not himself during the voyage. He was moody and brooding. The ship approached Madeira, where the police and Customs boat would come off, and the ship would take on board coal and the mails.

"As the liner was approaching the island Barnato committed the last deed of his life. He jumped overboard, and the officer who went after him was too late to save him alive."

* * *

The "Von Veldtheim" here referred to was a man who had got possession of evidence which, as he said, brought home murder to Barnato, and upon threats of exposure had blackmailed him for many years. After Barnato's death Von Veldtheim sought to get more money upon the same evidence from Barnato's nephew, Wolff Joel. There was a final appointment made in Johannesburg, and this is what followed, as told by Von Veldtheim, confirmed by the verdict of the jury who tried him for the assassination, and corroborated by the writer of the present article, who was in Johannesburg at the time, and was an intimate friend of the three men concerned in the tragedy:—

"I tell the rest as nearly as possible in his (Veldtheim's) own words:—'I called at the office and saw Joel. He went white when he saw me, for doubtless he fancied I had been arrested. I accused him of having given me away, and he denied it. He refused my demand when I asked him for a sum mentioned, and after an argument offered me a cheque that would pay my way to England. I knew I must fly from the Transvaal, so I accepted, and as I took the cheque I said, "This will not close the account." Just then Joel looked at Harold Strange, his secretary, who was behind me to one side, and at that moment I heard a bang and felt a sting on my face. Joel and I were on one side of the table, Strange was on the other. I had escaped death by a hair, for Strange had placed his single-barrelled pistol close beside my head and fired and missed.

" 'Turning around, I saw that he had dived under the table, and as I turned my head I observed Joel in the act of pulling his revolver out of his pocket. I had mine in my hand in my coat pocket, and quickly drawing it, I fired, and struck Joel on the face. I fired two more shots that hit him on the breast, and as he fell he dropped his pistol. I looked down and saw Strange's hand coming gently from under the table to get Joel's pistol, but I stamped on his thumb and picked the pistol up myself.

" 'The door was locked—Joel had locked it when I entered. Clerks came running up, and they tried to burst the door in. I opened it, whereupon they knocked me down and kicked me on the face and all over my body. That is all. Strange tried to murder me, and I could have taken his life if I had wished, but I preferred to let him live.'"

* * *

THE LION IN FACT AND FICTION.

In an article on the Big Game of Rhodesia, Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, writing from intimate personal knowledge, ridicules the popular conception of the lion as the King of Beasts:—

"The king of beasts, as described in books, is a fine animal, ferocious certainly, but none the less noble; the king of beasts as he exists in fact is an unmitigated nuisance. The stock-owner loathes him for the havoc he causes amongst the herds, and, even more still, for the endless anxiety his very presence in the country entails. There is no security against him. He is always travelling, and though there are certain districts which can truthfully be described as lion-infested, the lion's lair itself is a fiction of the story-books. A pair of lions may find a spot where game is easily obtainable, and make a considerable stay there; but, none the less, their home is wherever they can find anything to eat. They may kill a donkey in one village to-night, and to-morrow catch a water-buck forty miles away. If the lion only slew as much as he could devour, he would be less hateful; but he will often kill four or five oxen, and content himself with taking the entrails of one. He is a low, crafty brute, one that runs no risks, for, unlike the leopard, he will never leap a wall unless he can see what is on the other side. A paper fence would keep him away from a herd of oxen, provided the latter themselves did not break out through terror of his growling and his smell."

* * *

DOWNING STREET AGAIN.

Downing Street continues to blunder in its dealings with the Colonies, now to be known as "Nations":—

"It is extraordinary how, when the Imperial authorities chance upon a good idea, such as the holding of this Navigation Conference, they carry it out in such a way as to give offence to the colonies. Surely, it is a matter of extreme importance, which is, indeed, admitted by all, to have uniform legislation on this subject (merchant shipping) so far as possible throughout the Empire. Why, then, were the invitations limited to two of our colonies, when Canada and South Africa are equally interested? Indeed, of all our self-governing colonies, the Transvaal alone possesses no seaboard. In view of the difficulty, too, of getting any important legislation passed in the English Parliament, would it not have been much better to have postponed the introduction of the Merchant Shipping Act passed last year, until after the holding of the subsidiary and main Colonial Conferences of the present month? It is an open secret that Canada is chafing greatly at her deliberate exclusion, due to the usual blundering and limited outlook of the Downing Street official, who needs a Chamberlain to frustrate his narrow and empire-wrecking tendencies."

* * *

ST. CECILIA AND HER COLONIES

Referring to music in her Colonies, the writer says:—

"In truth, it is to the Colonies that all thoughtful critics look for a brighter, a breezier, and a broader atmosphere in British music. Dr. McNaught has described our National Anthem as 'the stodgiest in the world.' Well, it may be so. But in the new countries, where there is not only "space for the body," but "space for the soul," with all the vigour and freshness of youth, there should surely be found illimitable sources of inspiration for the coming generation of Colonial musicians. James Russell Lowell (to again quote the poet) most clearly gives the keynote when he speaks of—

'The old worn world of worry and heat,
The young fresh world of thought and scope.'

And Albert Mallinson affords living proof of its practical application, for he left Leeds an invalid on the threshold of manhood and came back, after six years in Australia, to give to the world artistic songs which have won unqualified admiration.

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